DAMAGED IN SHIPPING

After a grueling morning spent capturing images, I found myself slumped on a weathered wooden bench, feeling the weight of exhaustion settle in. My eyes darted around, vigilantly watching for any elderly individual who dared to approach my coveted seat, as if I were the guardian of a sacred space.

This instinctive protectiveness was rooted in a somewhat

humorous interpretation of English Common Law, which suggests that mere physical possession equates to a significant claim of ownership.
I chuckled to myself, recalling my recent, animated debate with the security personnel at Wal-Mart, who clearly had a

different take on this legal principle.

In a moment of levity, I quipped, "That's how we ended up with Puerto Rico and Cuba!"—a tongue-in-cheek reference to the often convoluted nature of territorial claims and ownership throughout history.

Reflecting on the situation, I came to the conclusion that the allegory I chose was not the most effective illustration, especially considering the bewildered expressions I received from the members of Wal-Mart's Security Force.

It became evident to me that there might be a gap in their classical education, or perhaps they simply missed the lesson on the Spanish-American War, which would have provided the necessary context for my reference.
Such lapses in knowledge can occur, and as a result,

I mentally resolved to avoid using that particular phrase in future discussions, particularly when my intention was to convey a serious point rather than to create a façade of eccentricity for the sake of evasion. The taller of the two guards casually

mentioned that his neighbor hailed from Cuba, adding that he was a genuinely good person—someone who was not only a good friend but also had a soft spot for small animals. This remark sparked a memory in the other guard, who chimed in with a nostalgic recollection of his high school days when he had dated a Puerto Rican girl. As their conversation unfolded, the initial focus on my collection

of unpaid items faded into the background, replaced by an animated discussion that veered off into an elaborate and enthusiastic exploration of the allure of Latina women.

Their banter, filled with laughter and exaggerated admiration, created a

surprisingly light-hearted atmosphere, momentarily diverting attention from the more serious nature of the situation at hand.
As a long-standing and proud member of The International Order of Hobos, I find myself in a rather intriguing position, one that compels me to not

steer the discussion back towards the intricate topic of ownership rights as defined by English Common Law.

I must confess that my enthusiasm for the tales of my new found friends' romantic escapades may have inadvertently fueled their willingness to share

more than they initially intended.
After engaging in a lively exchange filled with laughter and camaraderie, I took a chance and casually inquired whether I could leave the items of dubious ownership at the customer service counter.
To my delight, their

enthusiastic and unanimous agreement came as a pleasant surprise, reflecting the genuine bond we had formed—not through any formalities such as club car coats or solemn blood pledges, but rather through a shared sense of understanding and

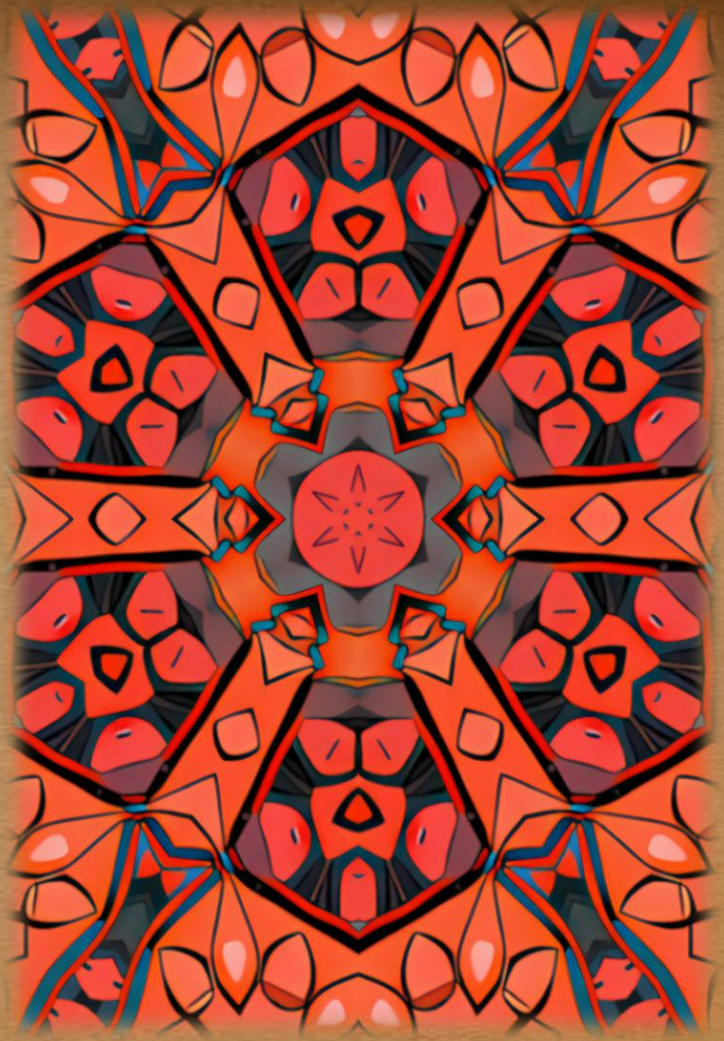
mutual respect that transcended the usual boundaries of such affiliations.
It is an undeniable reality that individuals can quickly forge a sense of camaraderie or shared purpose, even in the most unconventional circumstances, armed only

with the basic tools of a transient lifestyle. These essentials often include a simple stick of gum—although it's worth noting that in Singapore, possessing such an item is considered nearly as serious as holding illegal drugs like heroin. Alongside this, one might

find an open pack of Zig-Zag rolling papers and a functioning lighter, which serve as vital instruments for those who navigate the streets.

In more significant situations, the presence of a bottle of beer or a four-pack of Boone's Farm can elevate the experience, while the

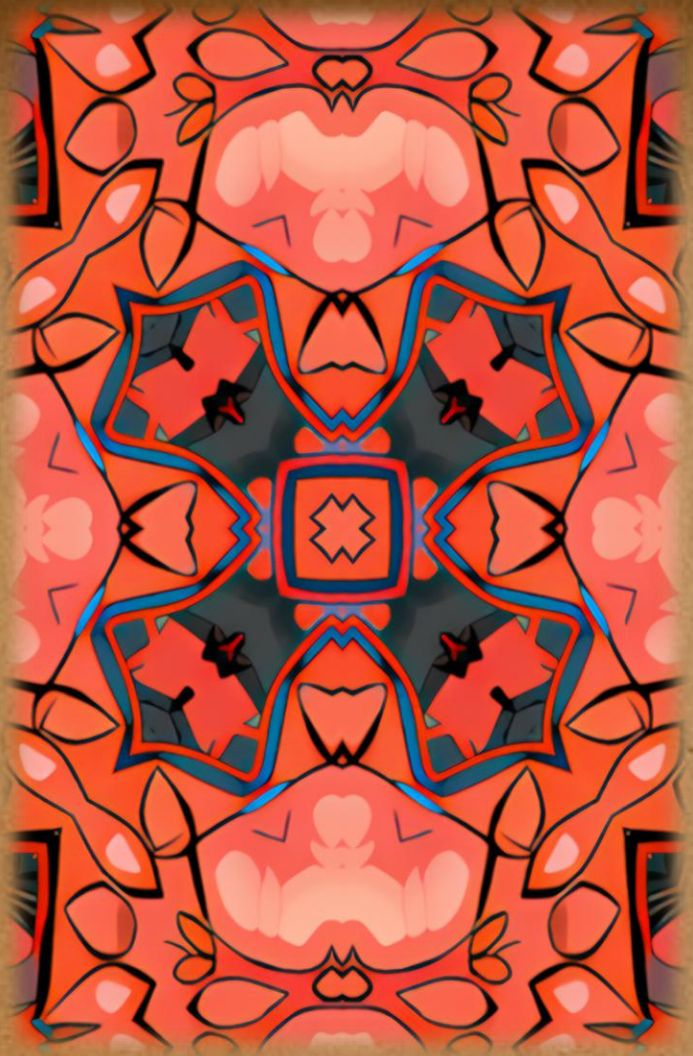
more discerning international drifters might opt for an open bottle of Mad Dog or Thunderbird wine, showcasing their high-rolling status among the ranks of hobos. This eclectic mix of items not only facilitates social interaction but also



creates a unique bond among those who share the same transient lifestyle, highlighting the resourcefulness and adaptability of individuals living on the fringes of society.

It may seem surprising at first, but there is substantial documentation backing this

assertion, particularly within the archives of International Hobo Media, which has a rich history in this field. Numerous renowned, veteran hobos, who have traveled the globe and experienced the nuances of this lifestyle, lend their support to this theory,



further solidifying its credibility.

Moreover, this concept is not merely anecdotal; it is intricately woven into the fabric of the CIA's Field Basic Training, highlighting its significance and the level of expertise required to navigate the complexities of such a unique existence.

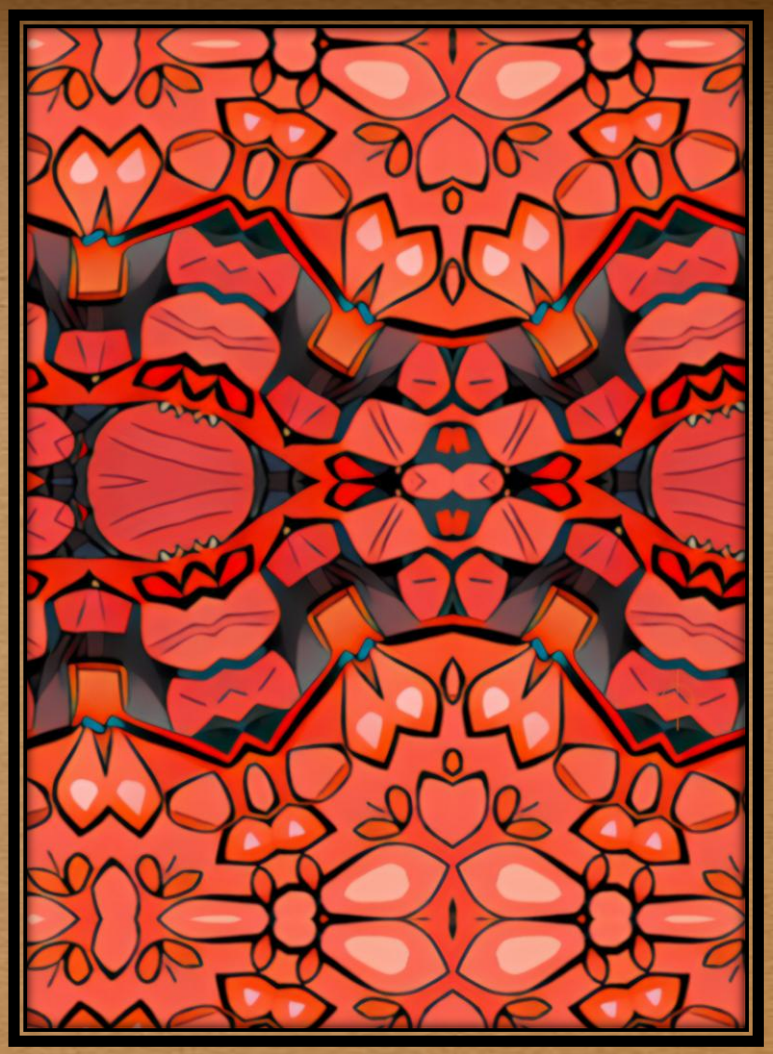
The convergence of these sources underscores the importance of understanding this theory, as it encapsulates a wealth of knowledge that has been passed down through generations of seasoned travelers.

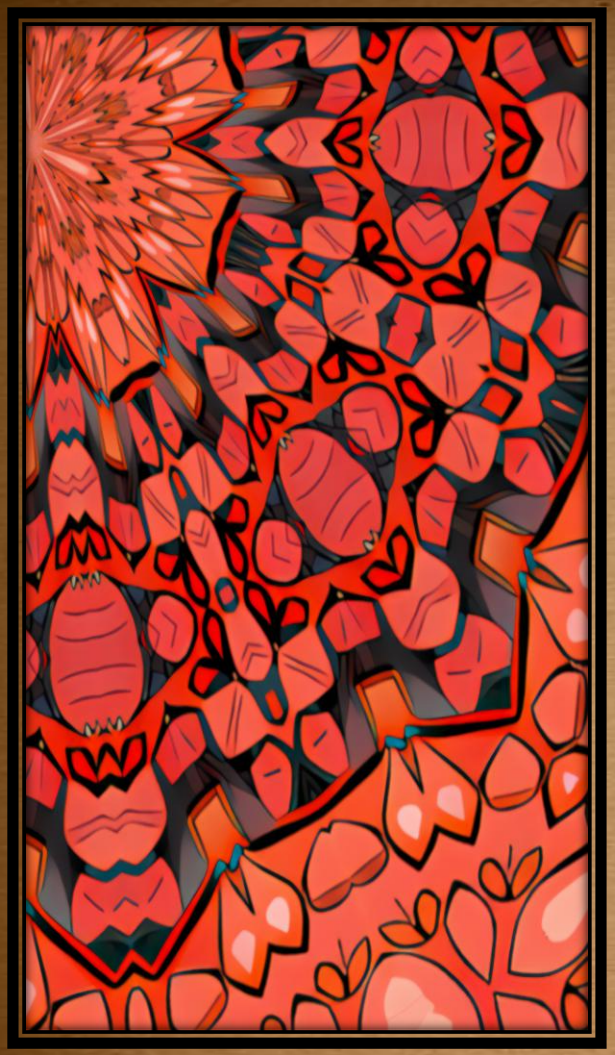
In this week's podcast,

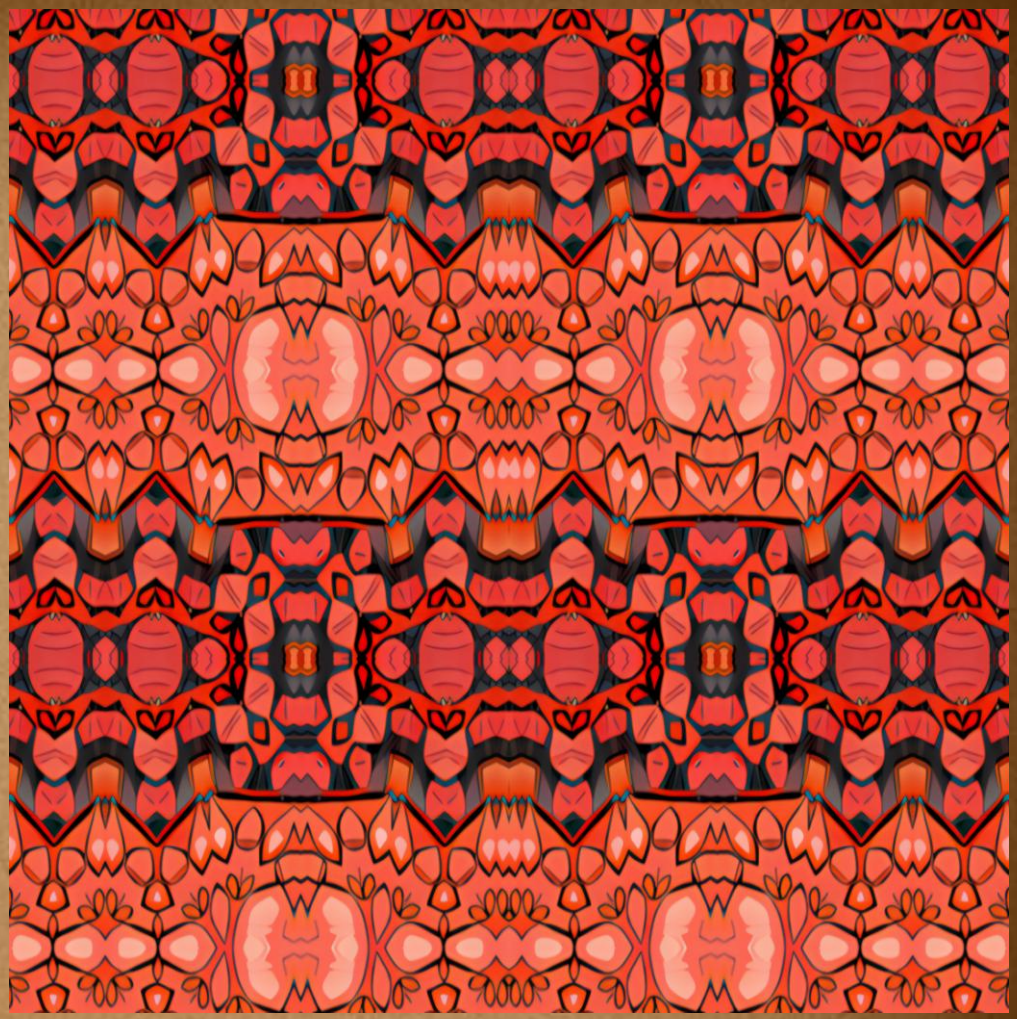
I am excited to share a unique experience drawn from my personal observations along the Hobo Trail.
During my time there, I encountered a "highly-trained" semi-corporate retail security team, whose members had undergone three days of training and

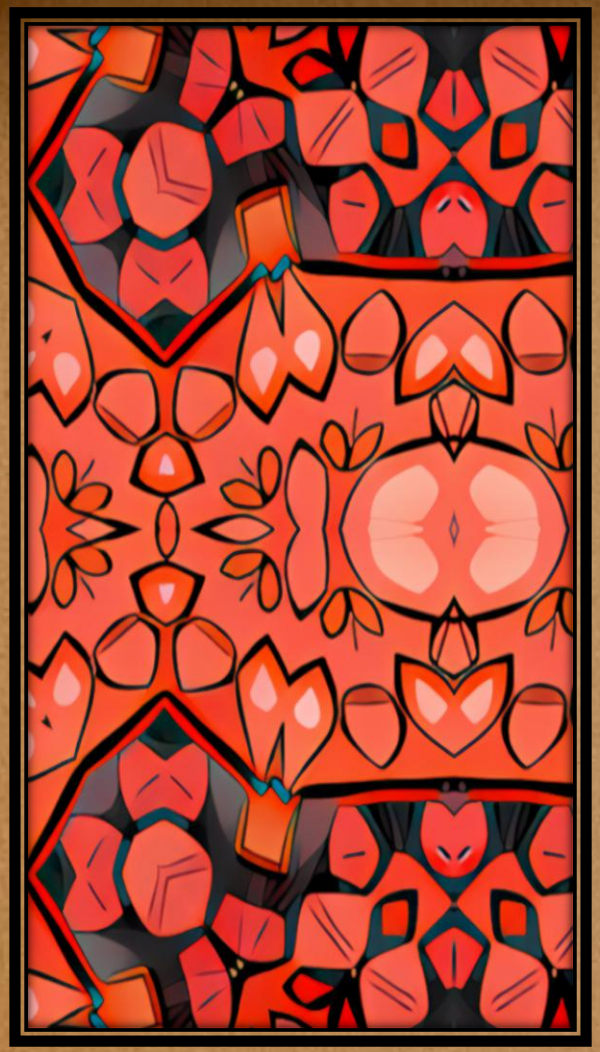
testing to become a licensed security guard. I was pleasantly surprised by how quickly we formed a connection by exchanging stories, we found common ground in our past romantic escapades, particularly those involving women of Latino heritage.

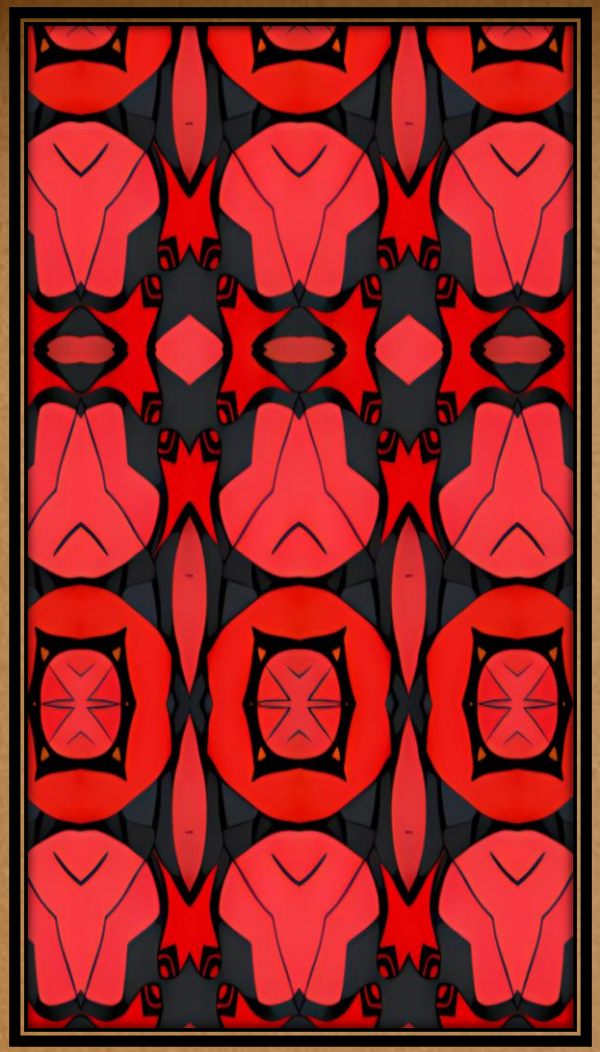
This unexpected camaraderie not only highlighted the power of shared experiences but also underscored the ability of individuals from diverse backgrounds to bond over personal narratives, creating a sense of community even in the most unlikely of circumstances.

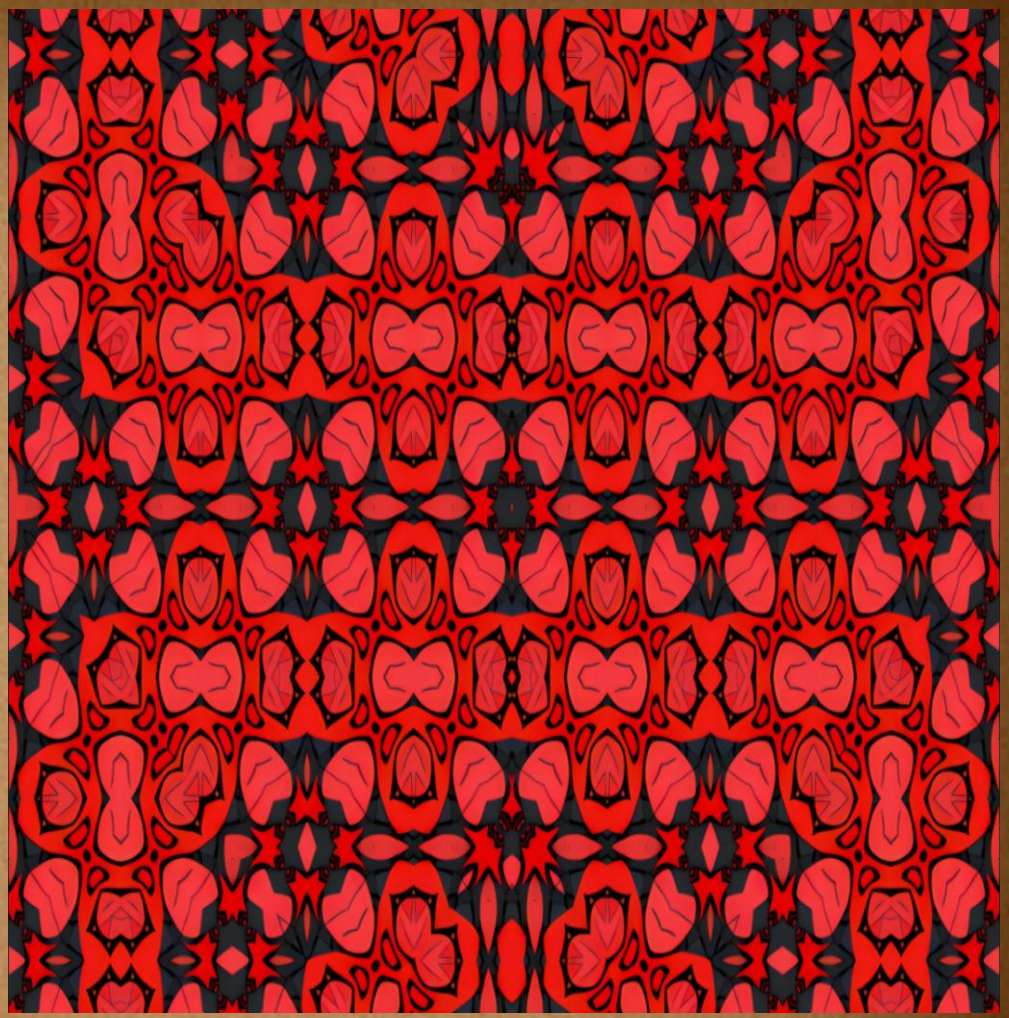


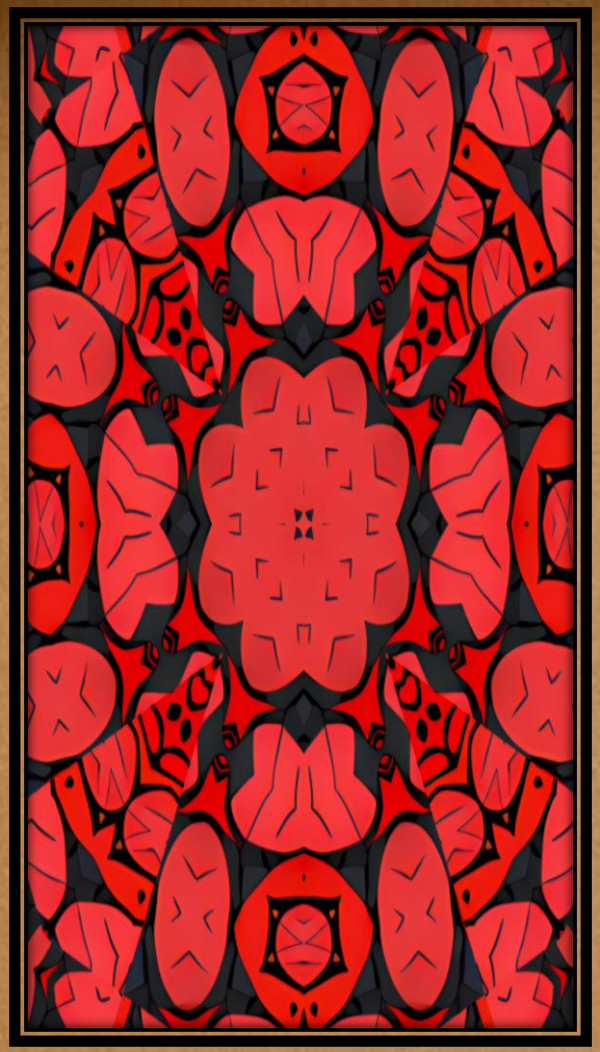


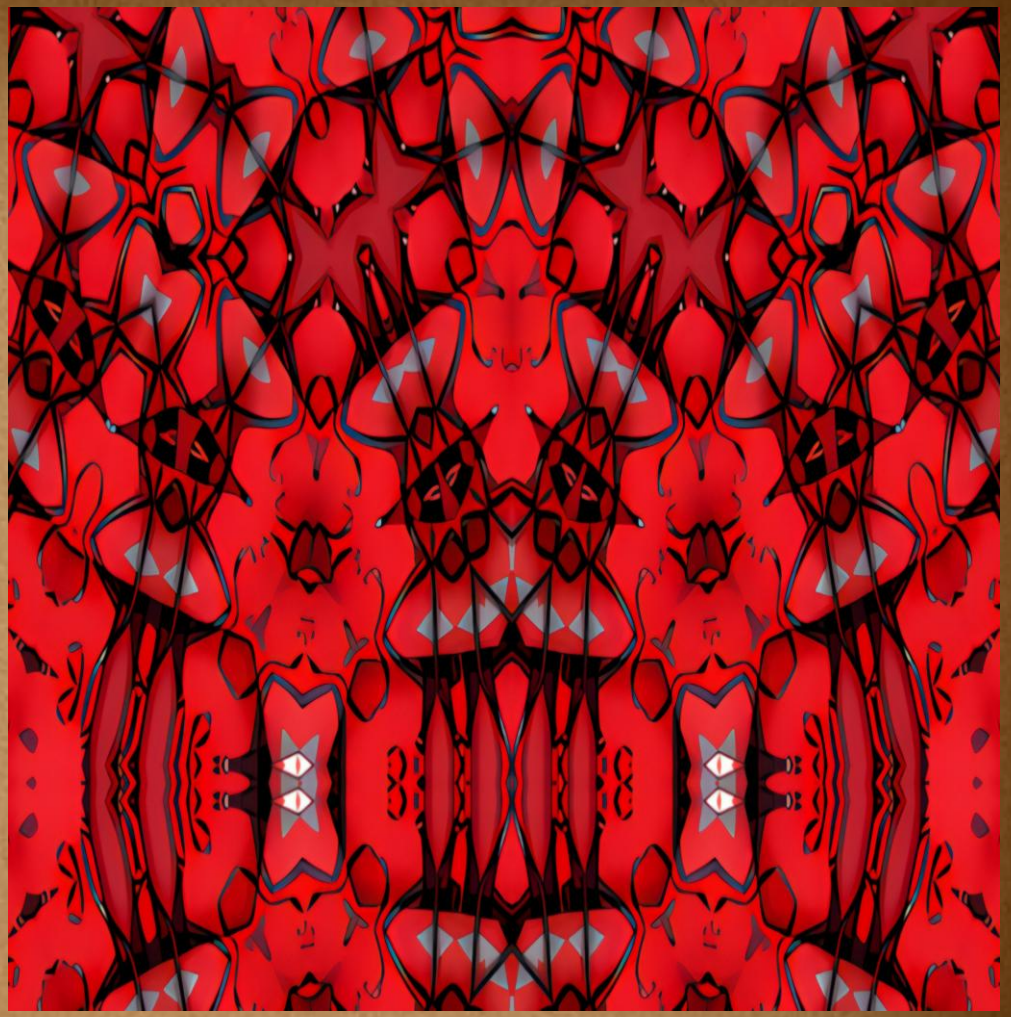


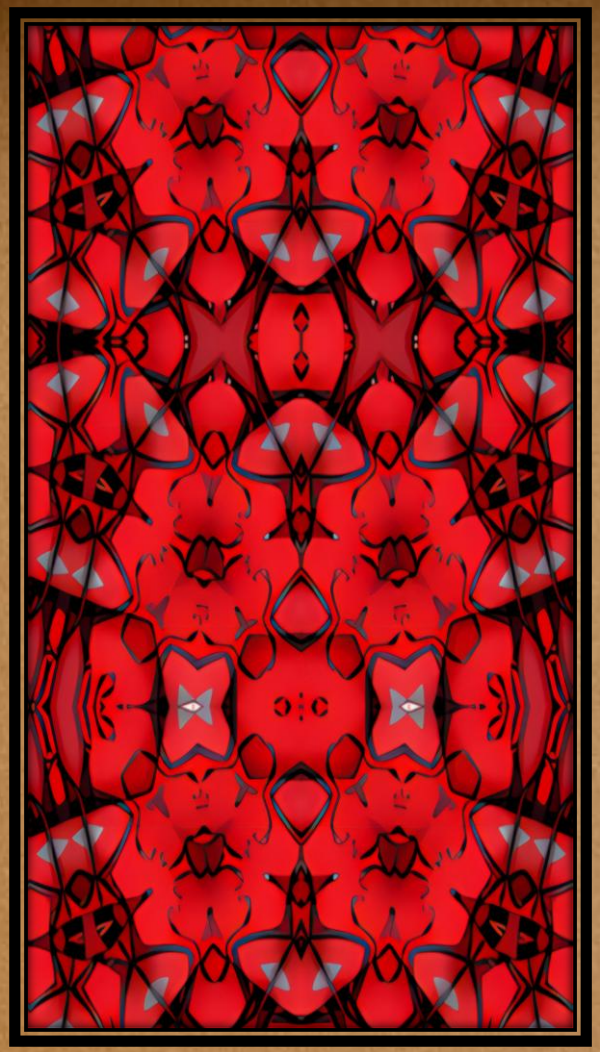


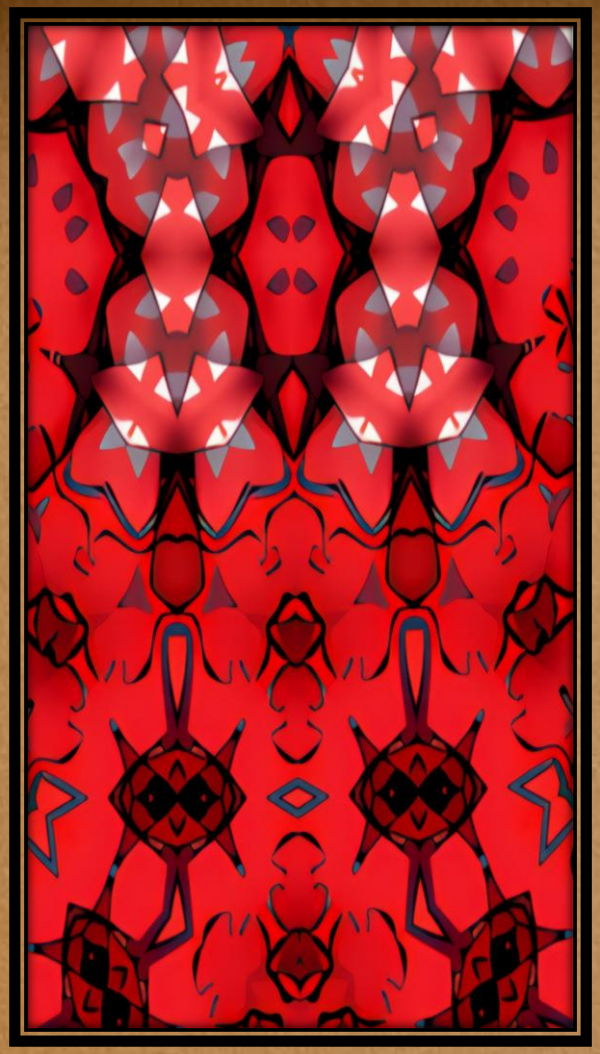


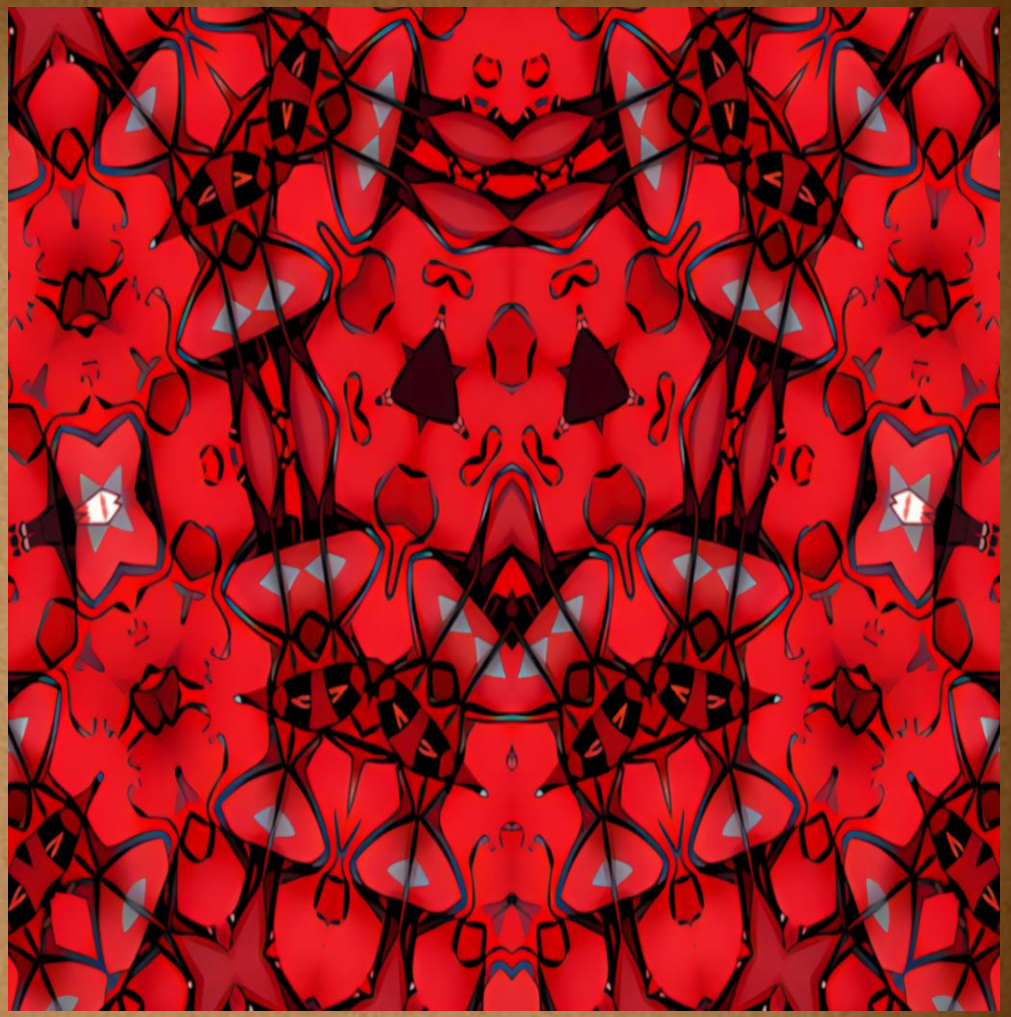


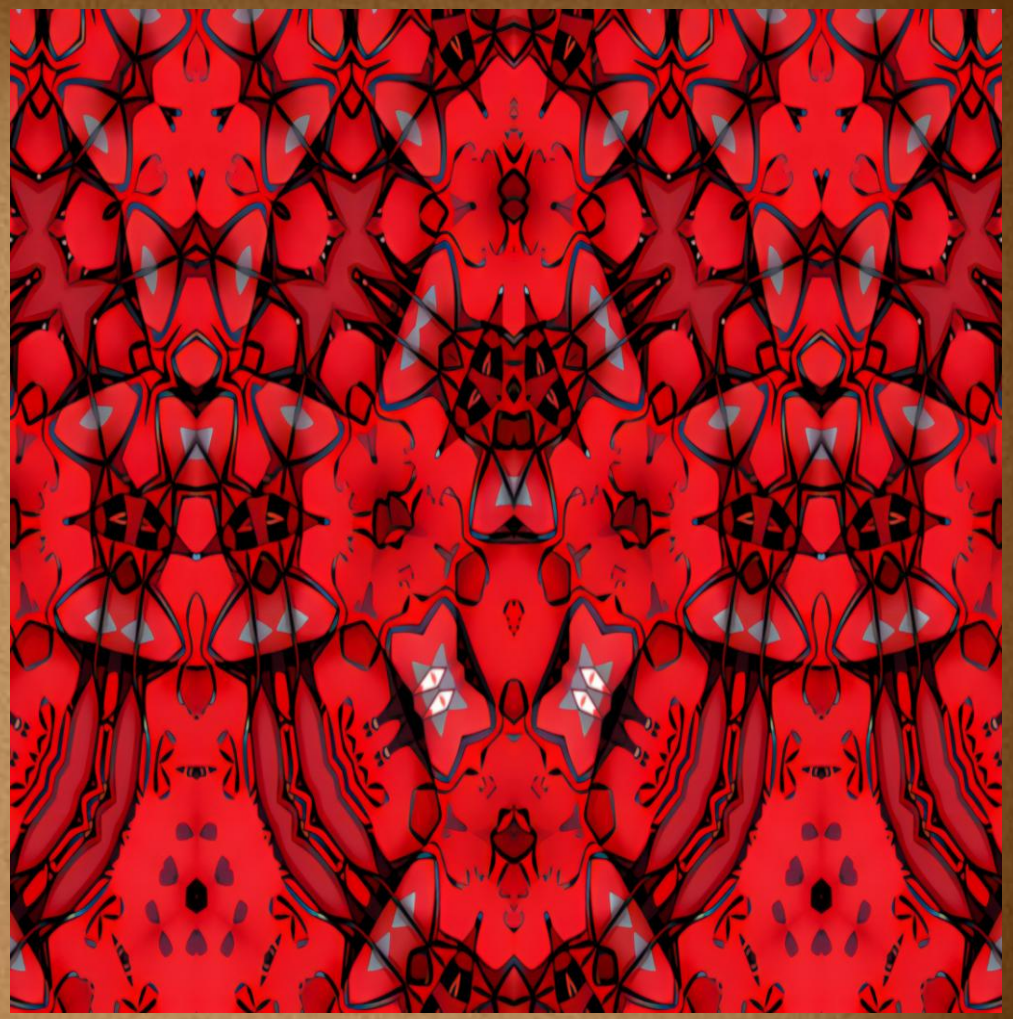


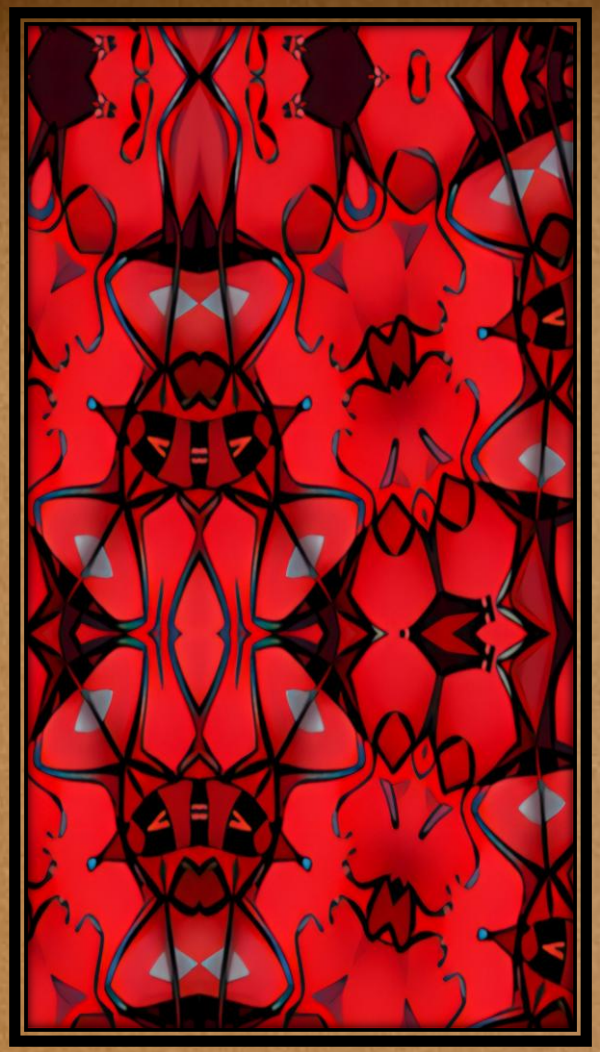


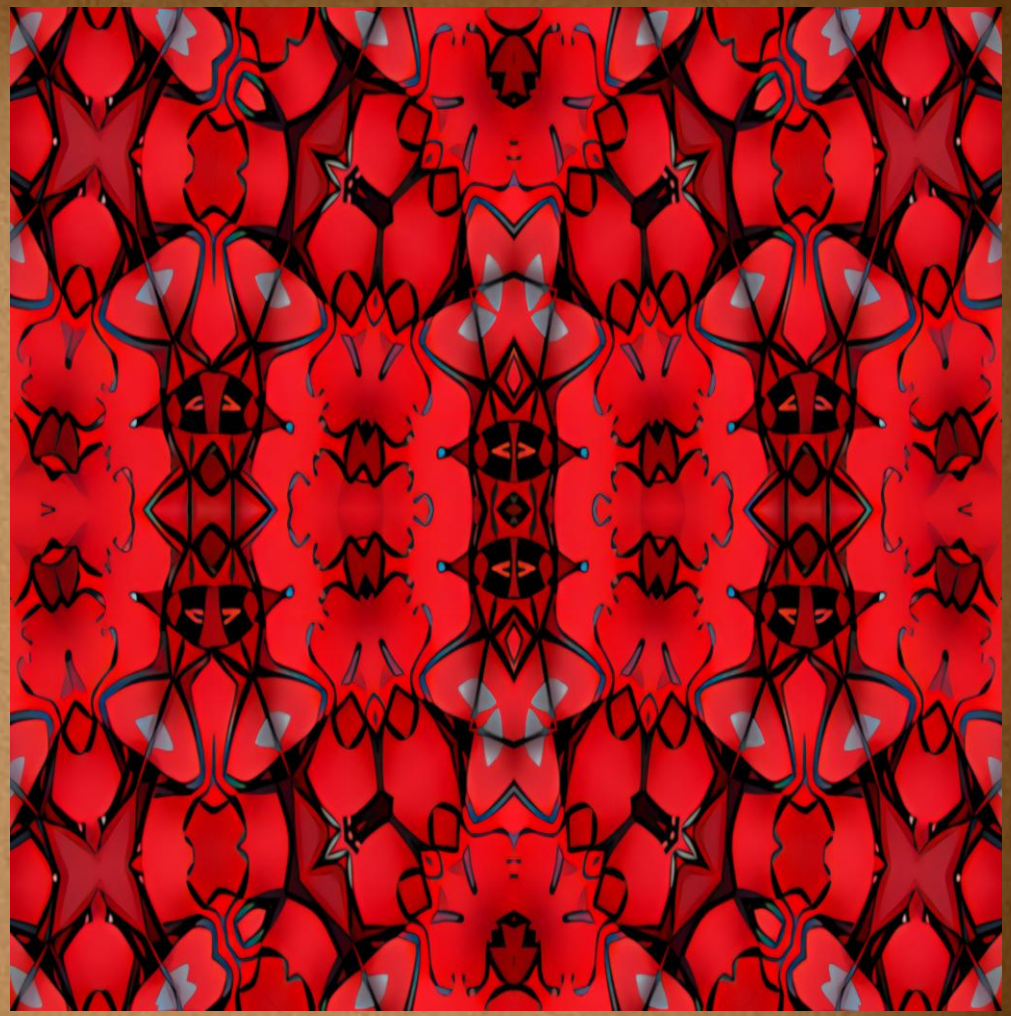


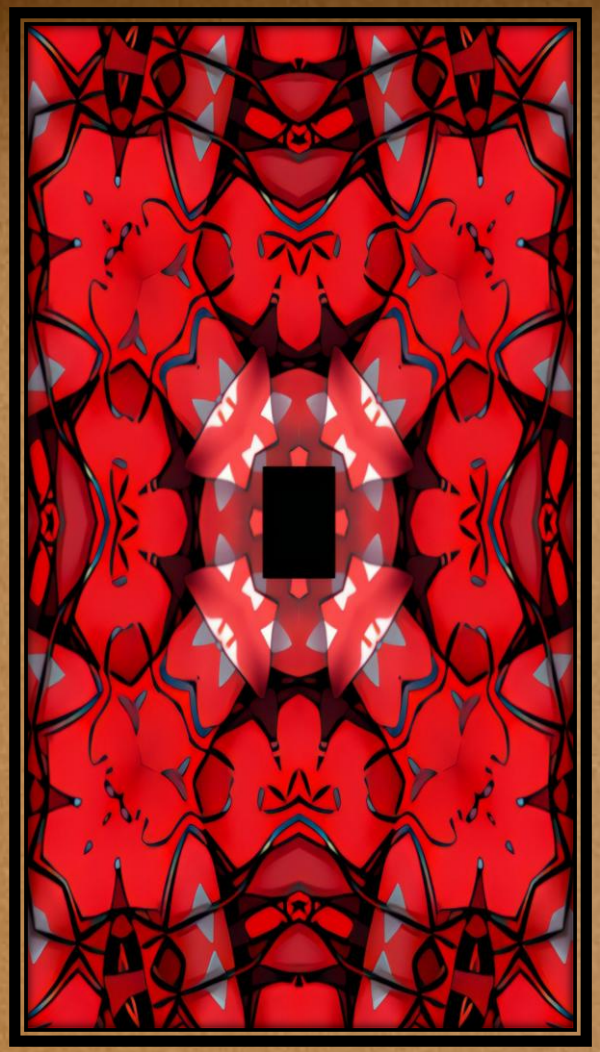


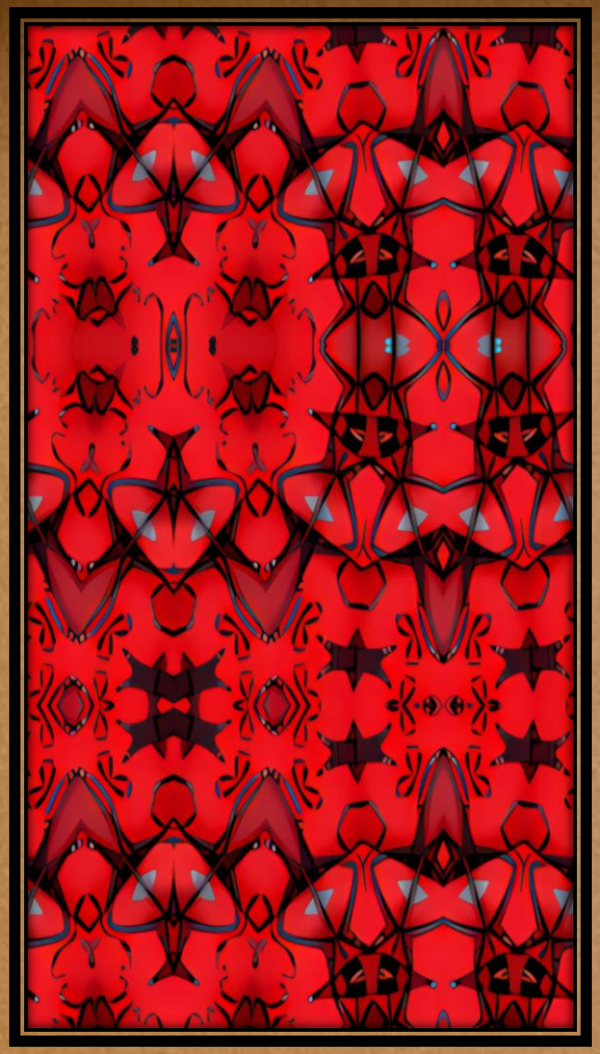


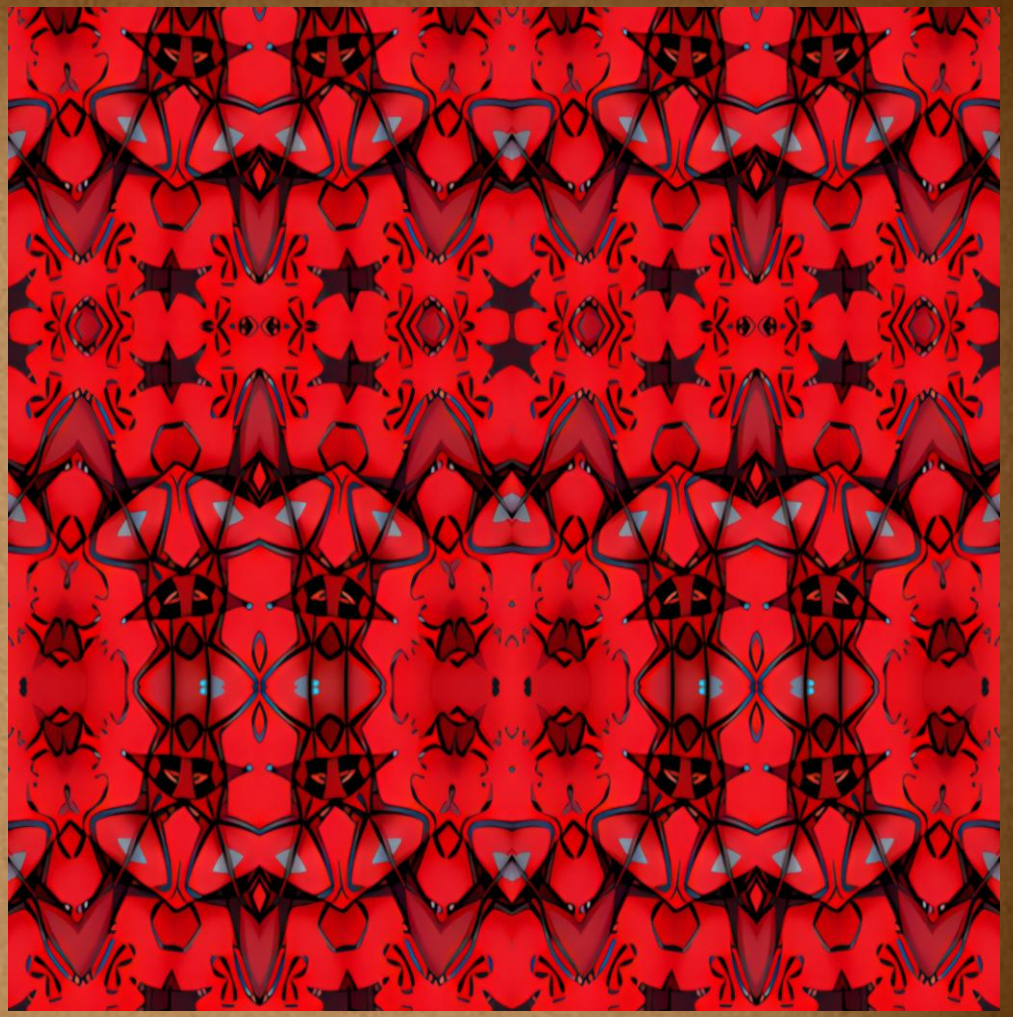


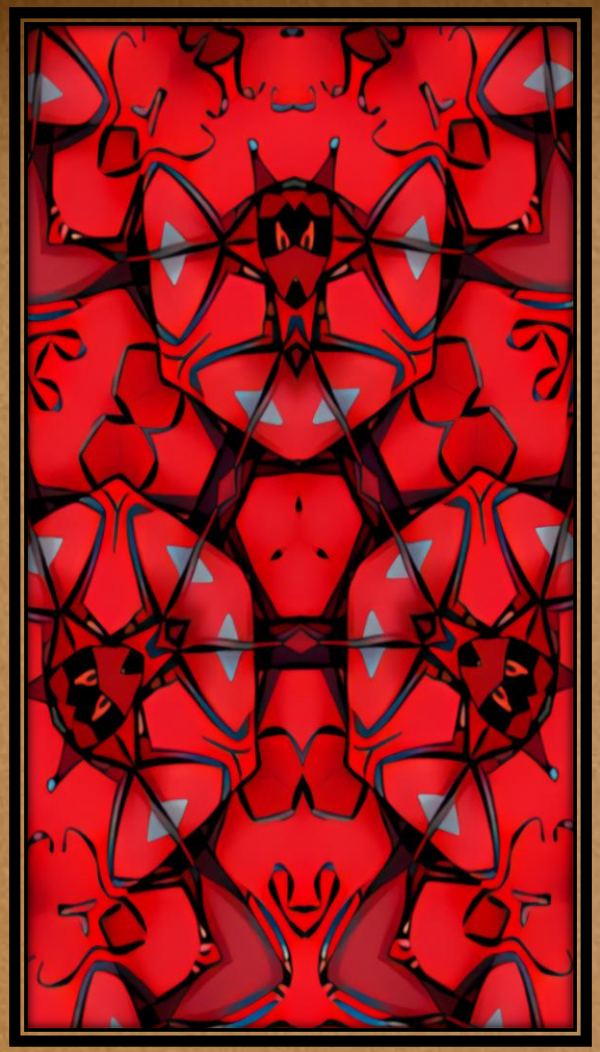


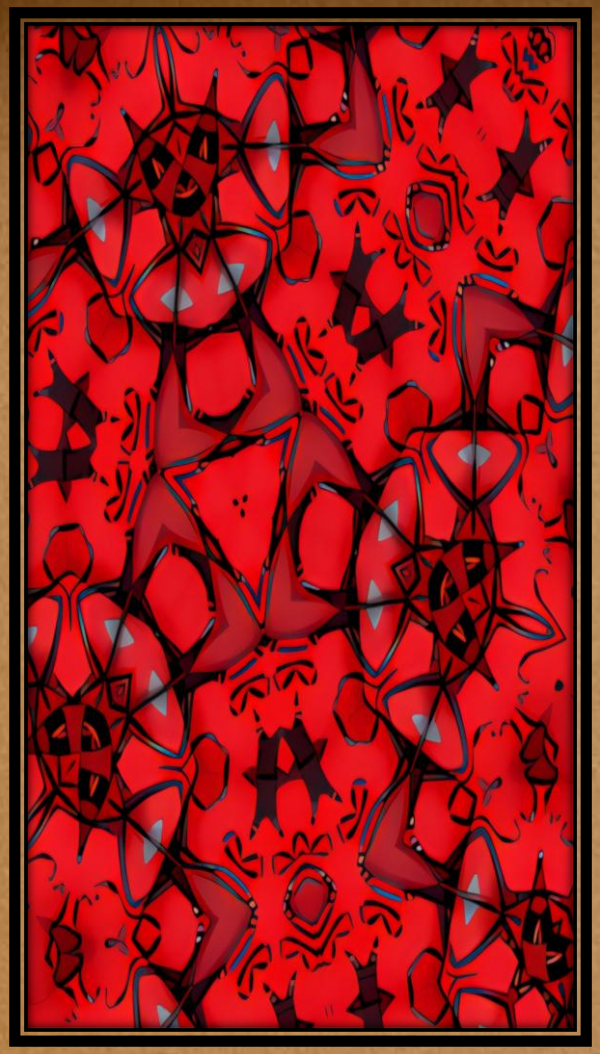


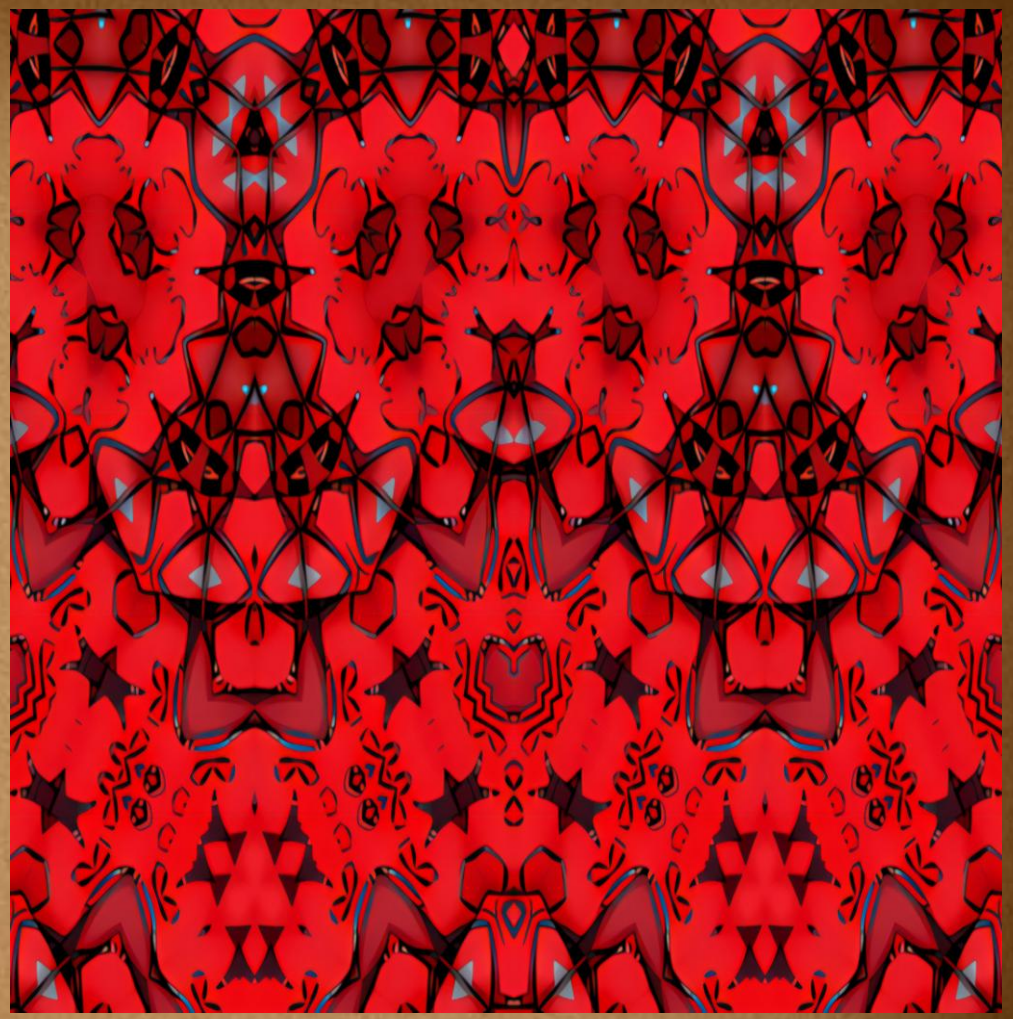


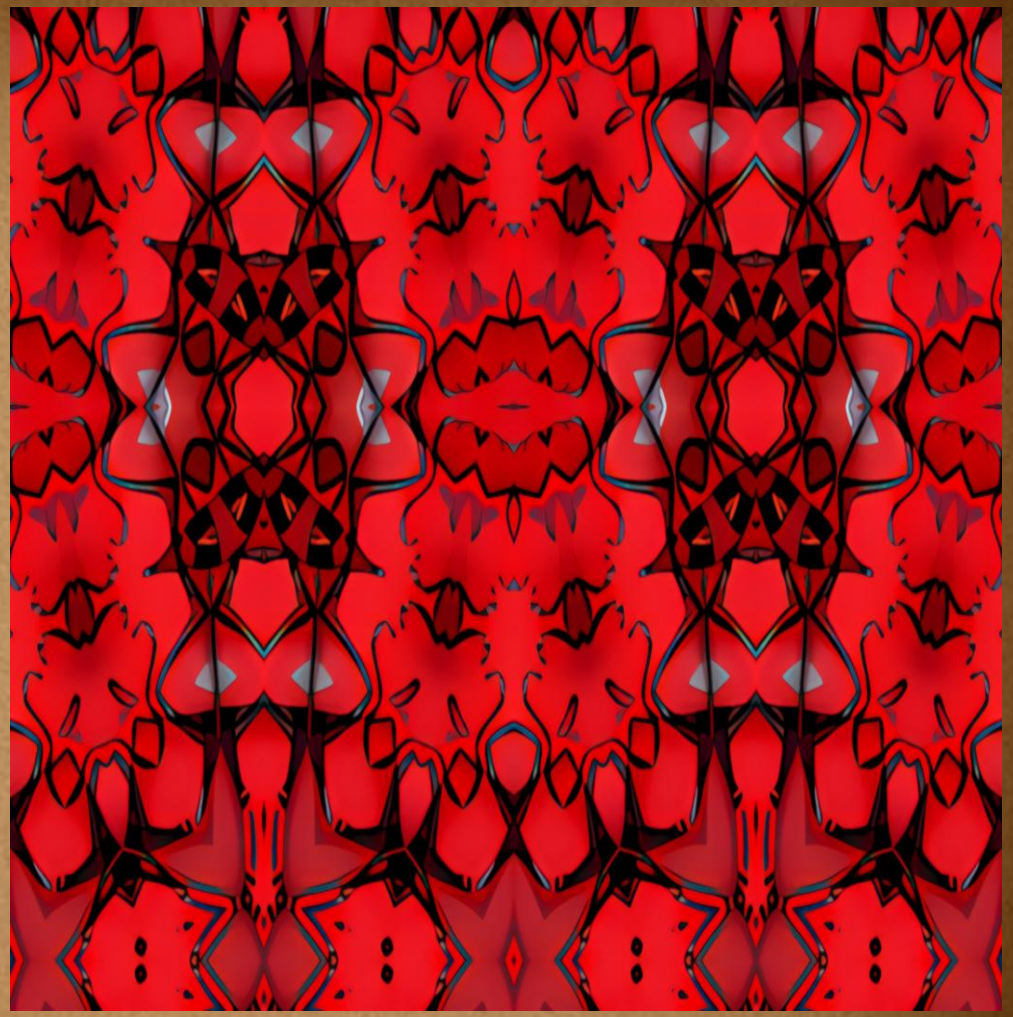


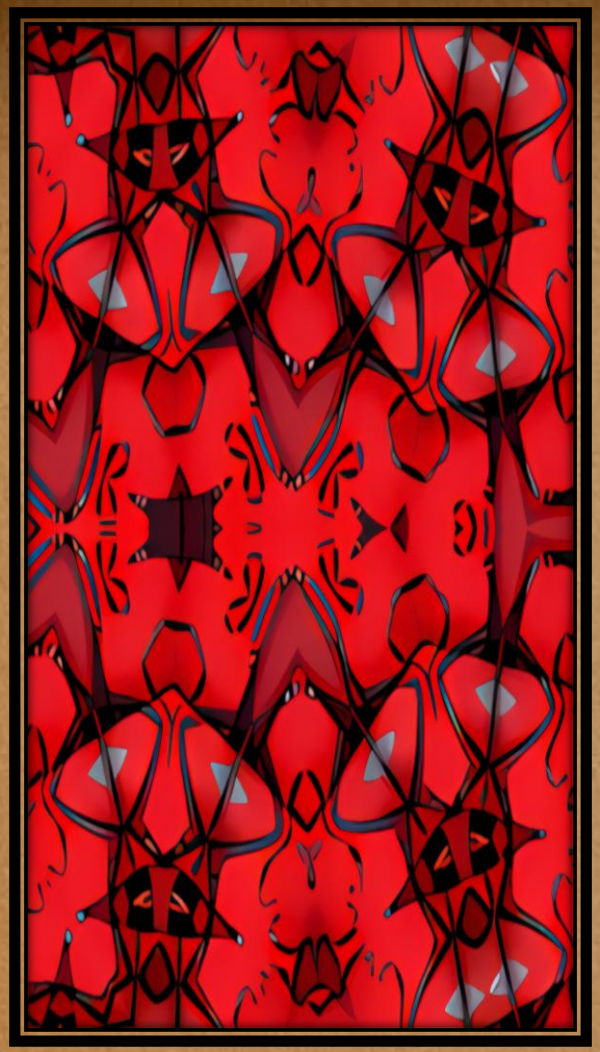


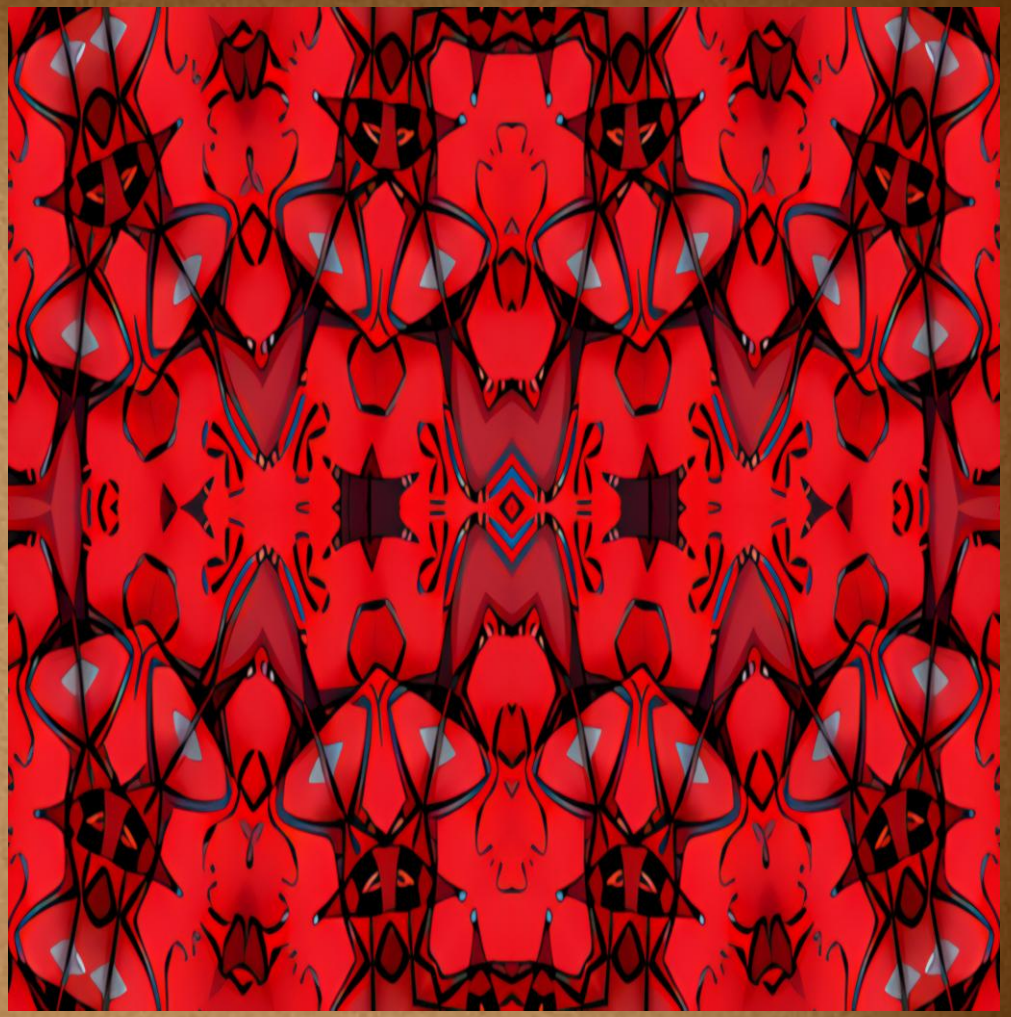


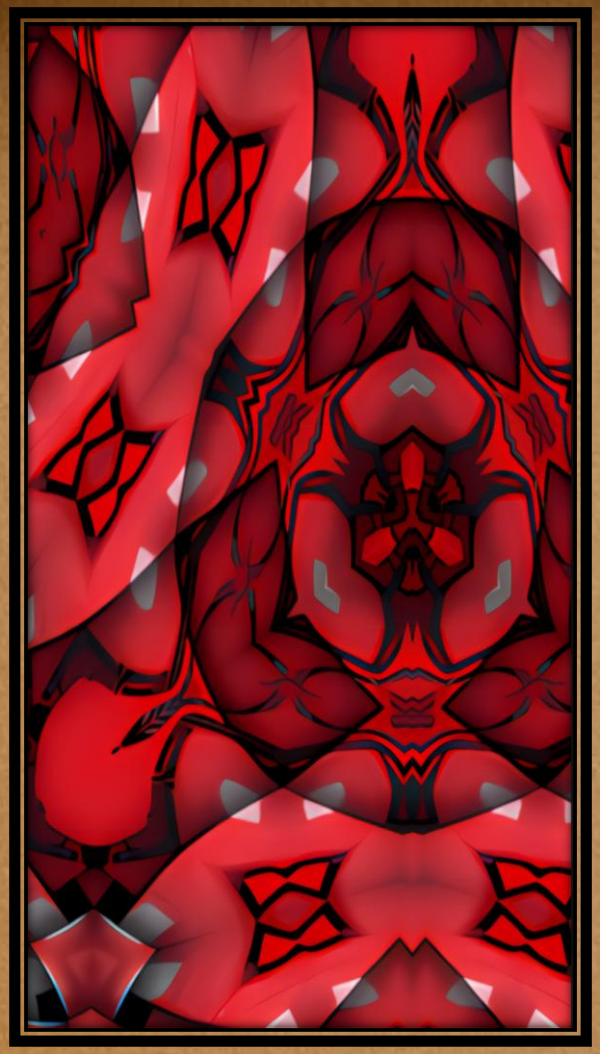


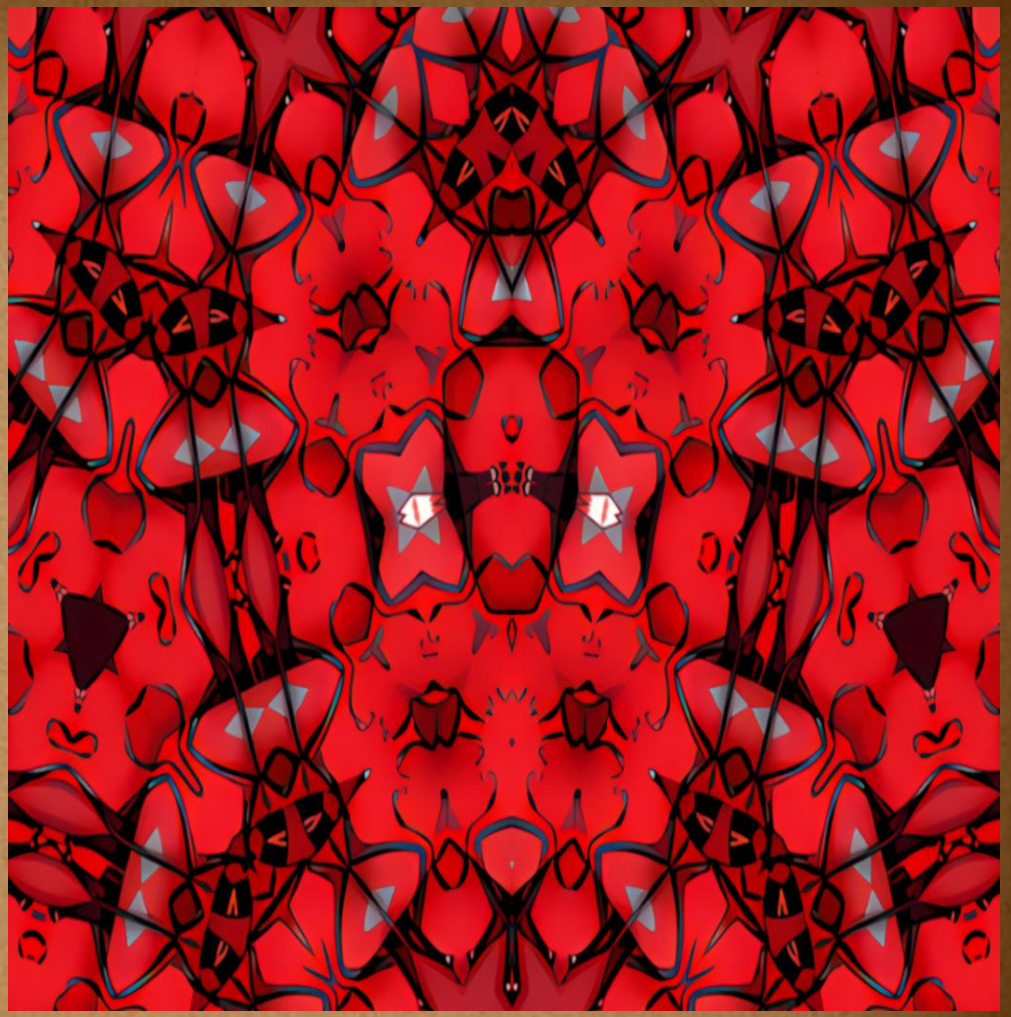


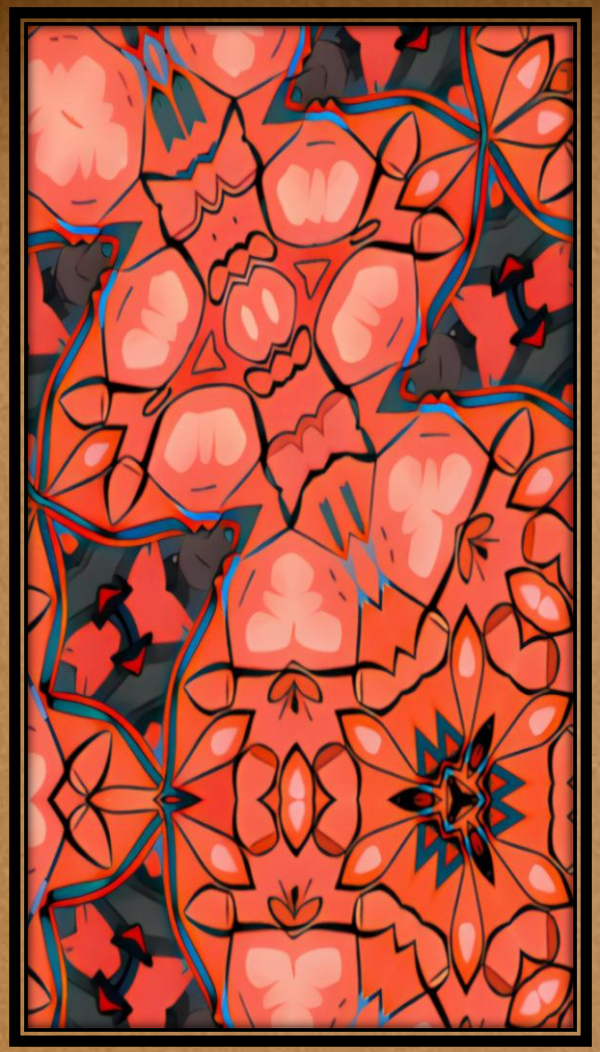


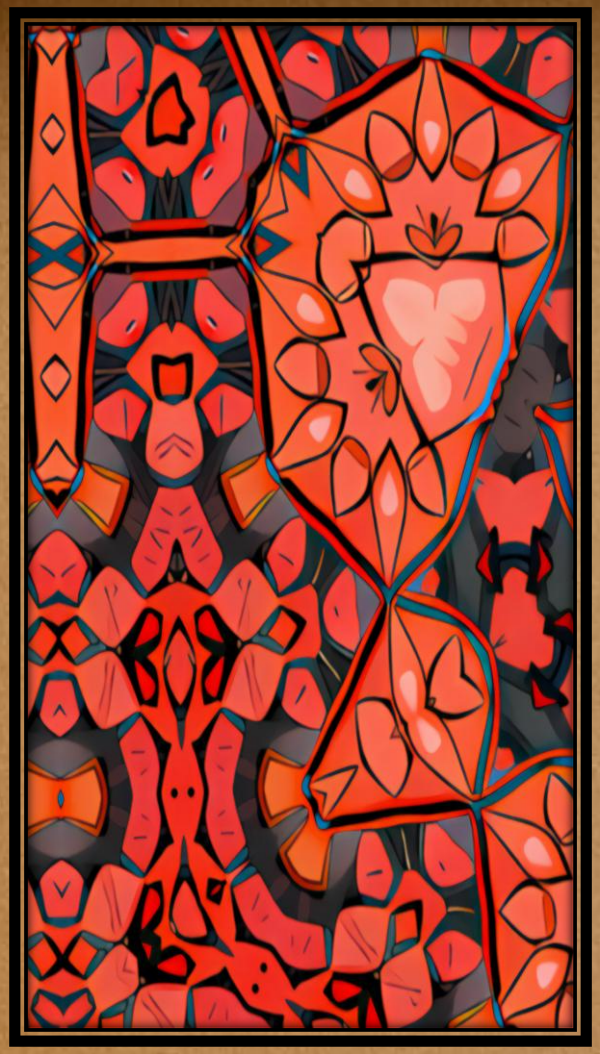


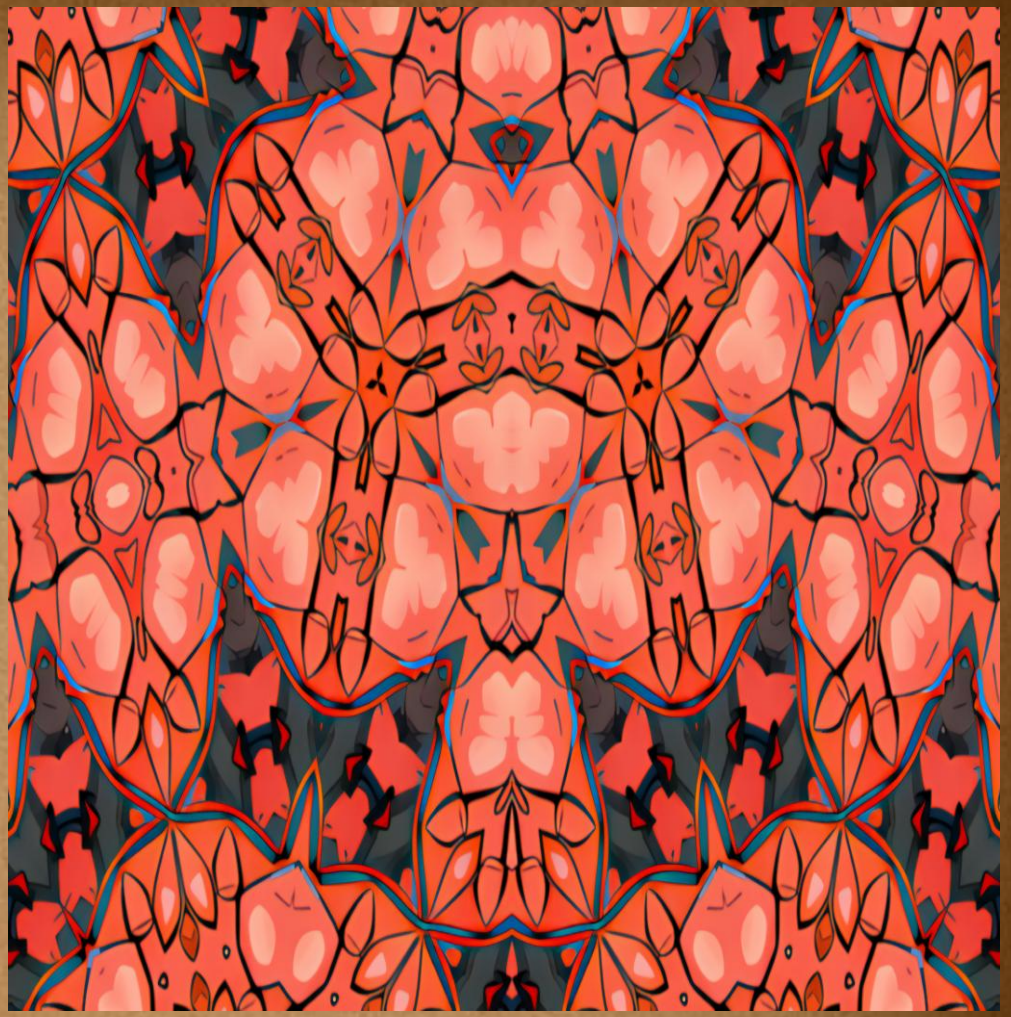


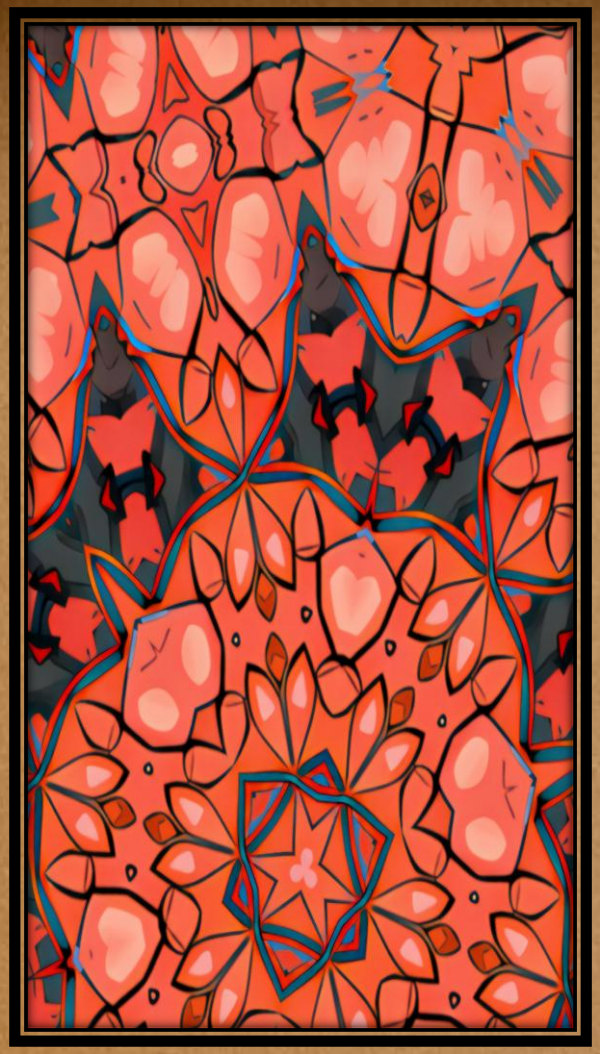


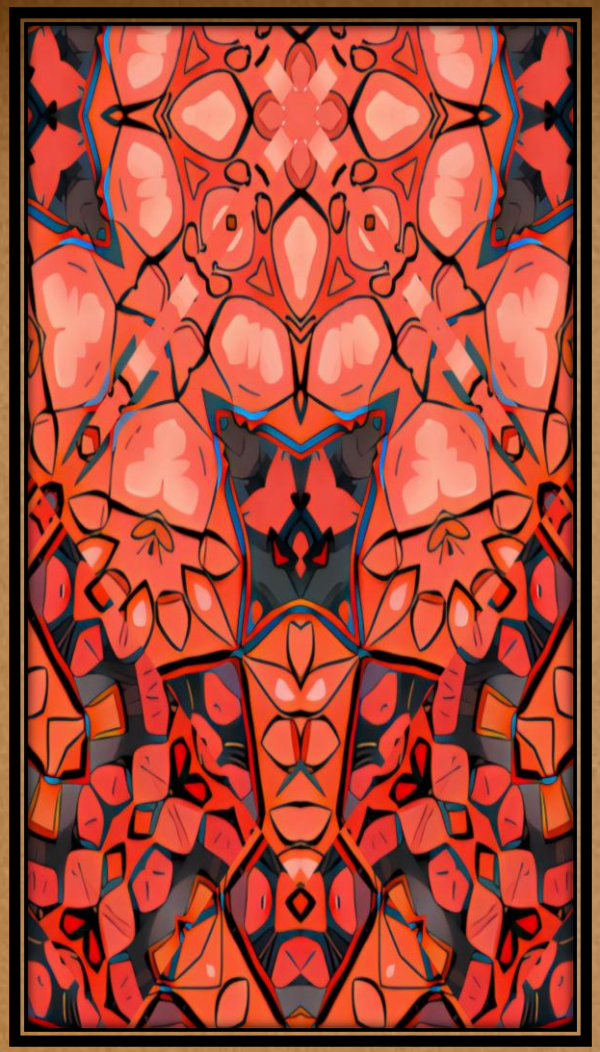


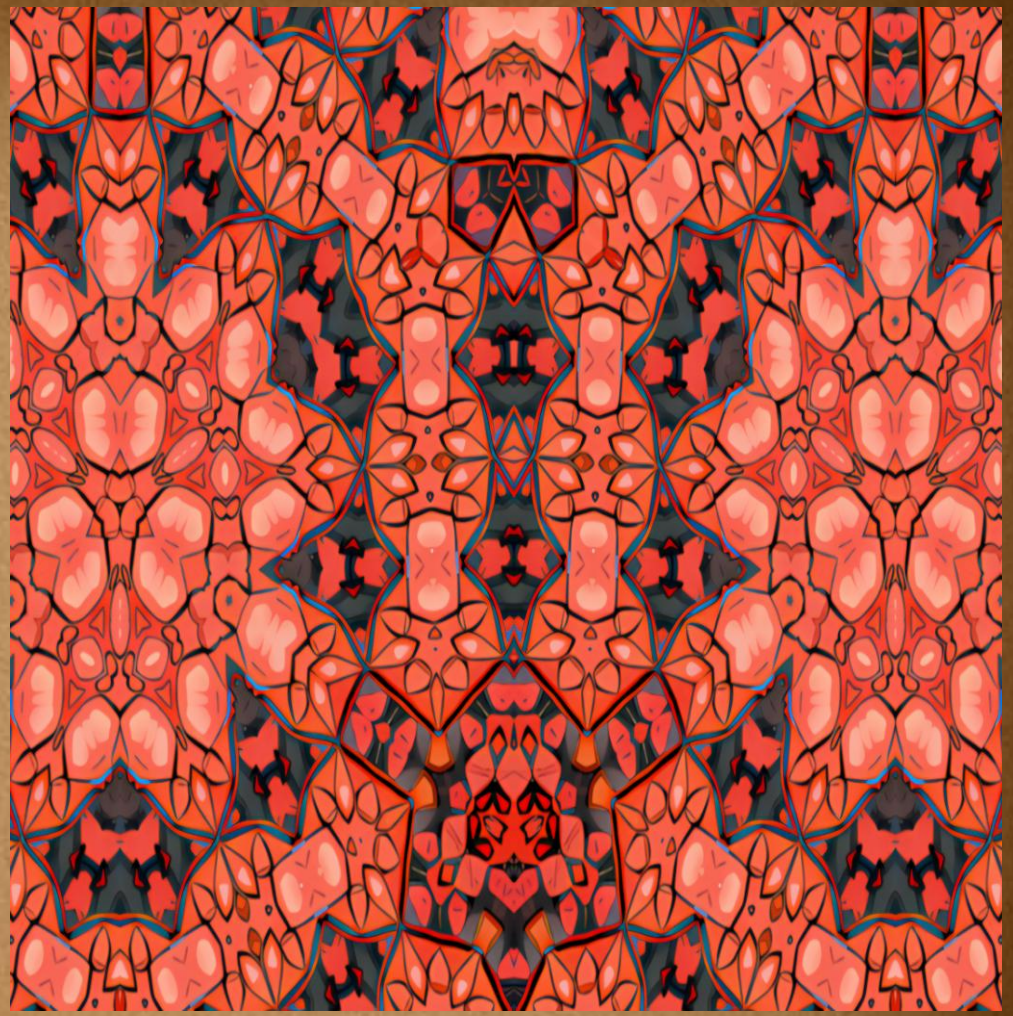


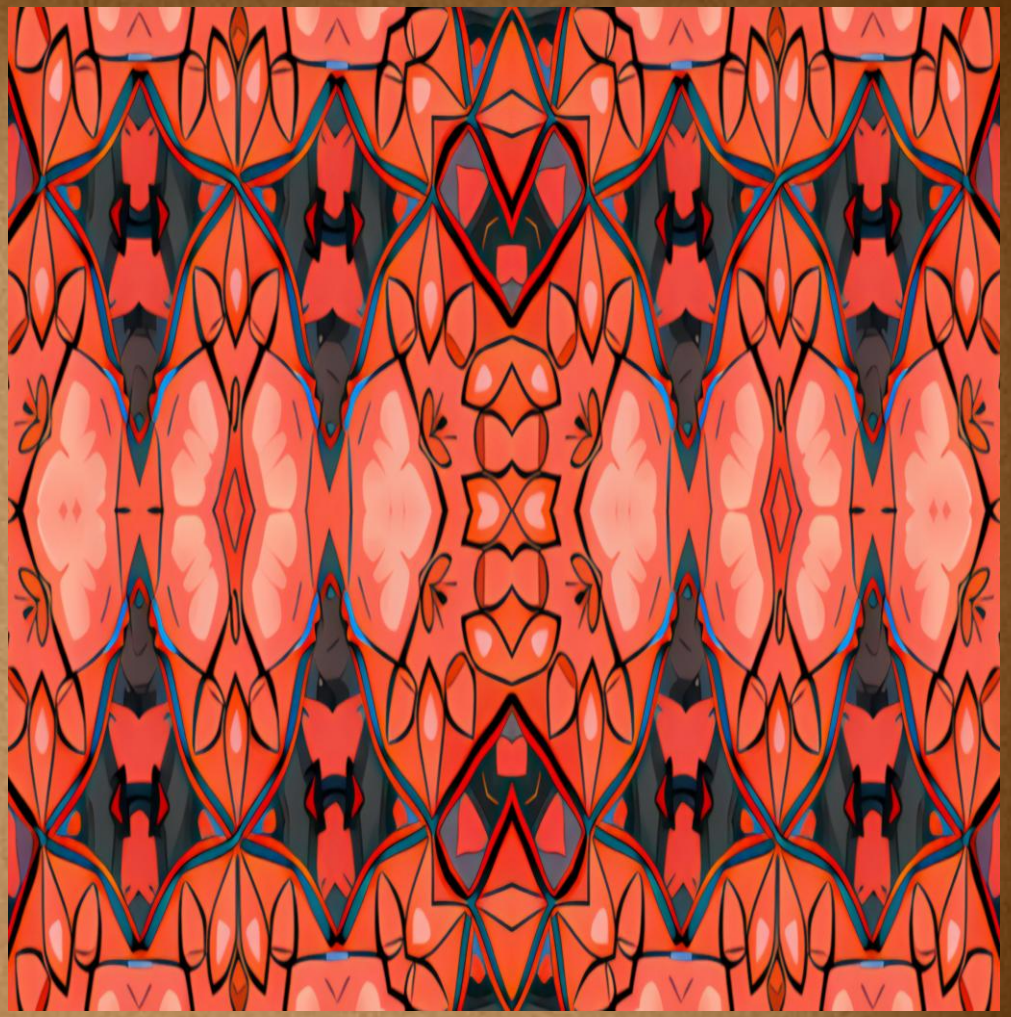


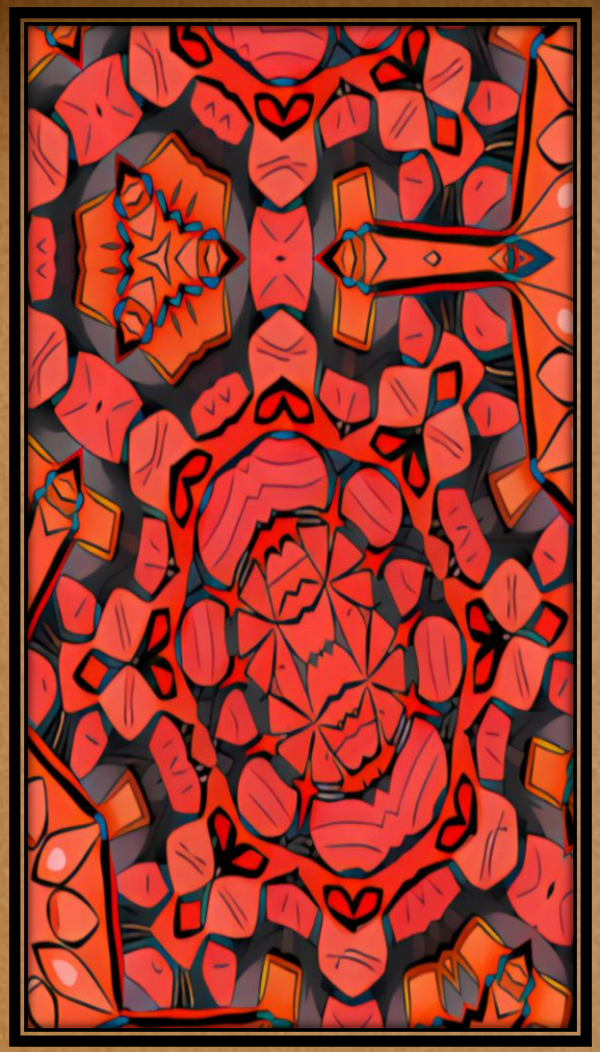


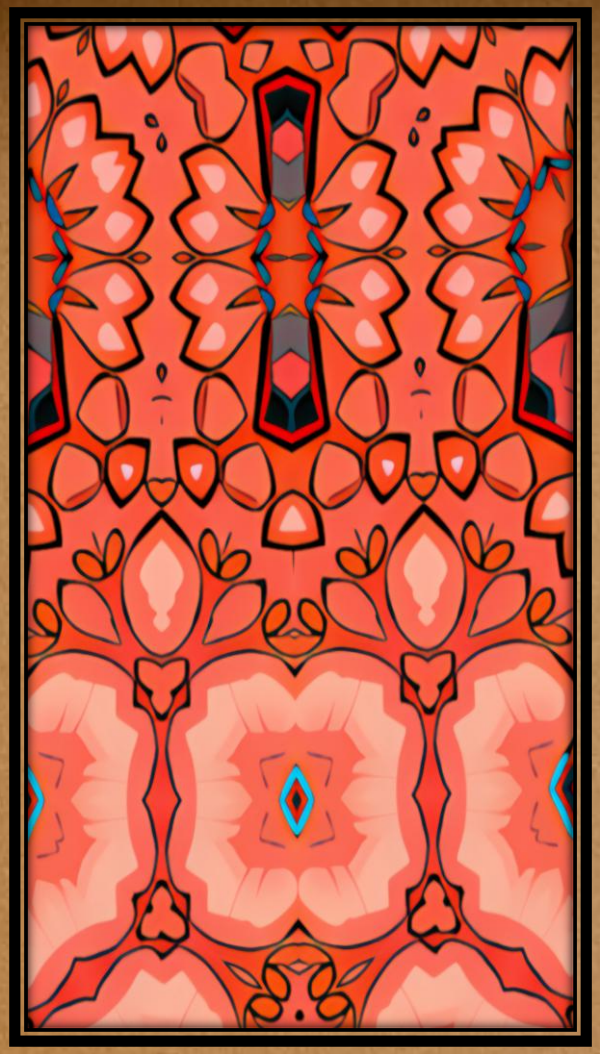


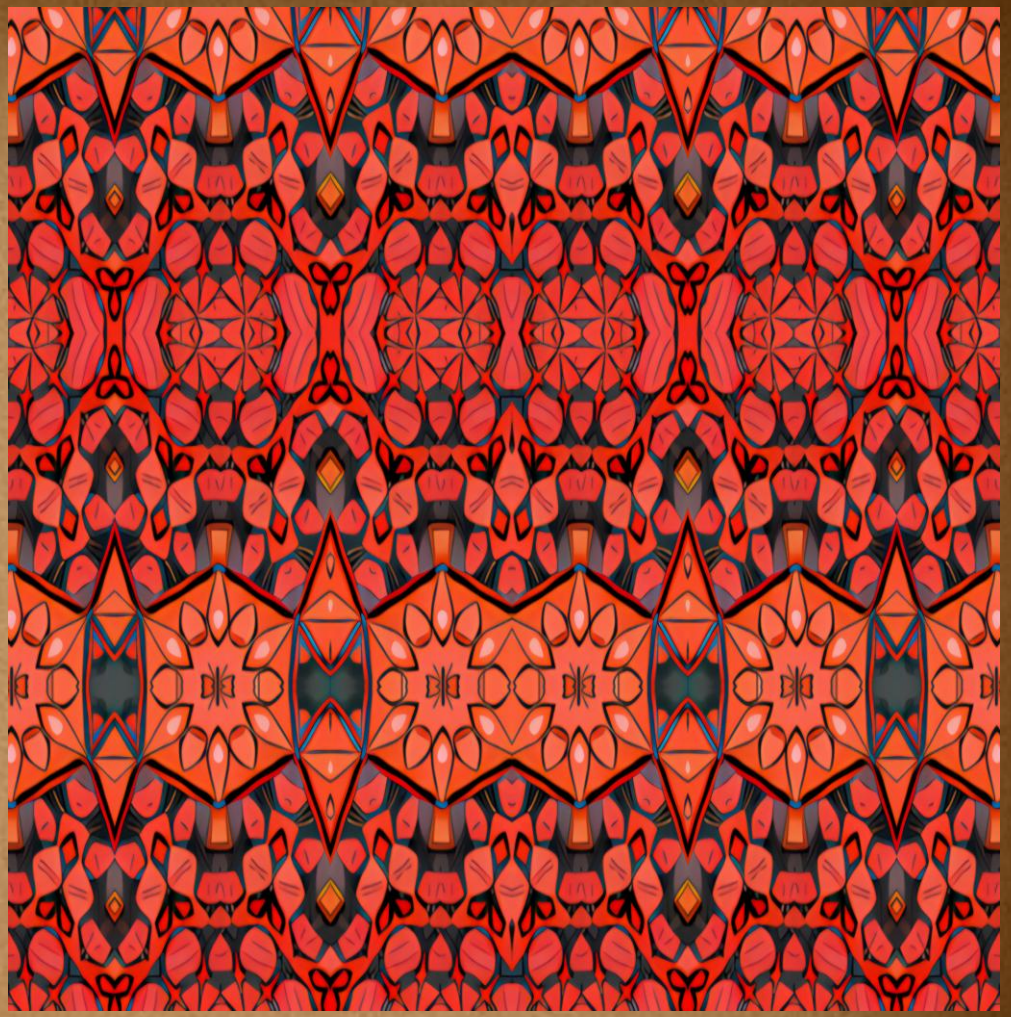


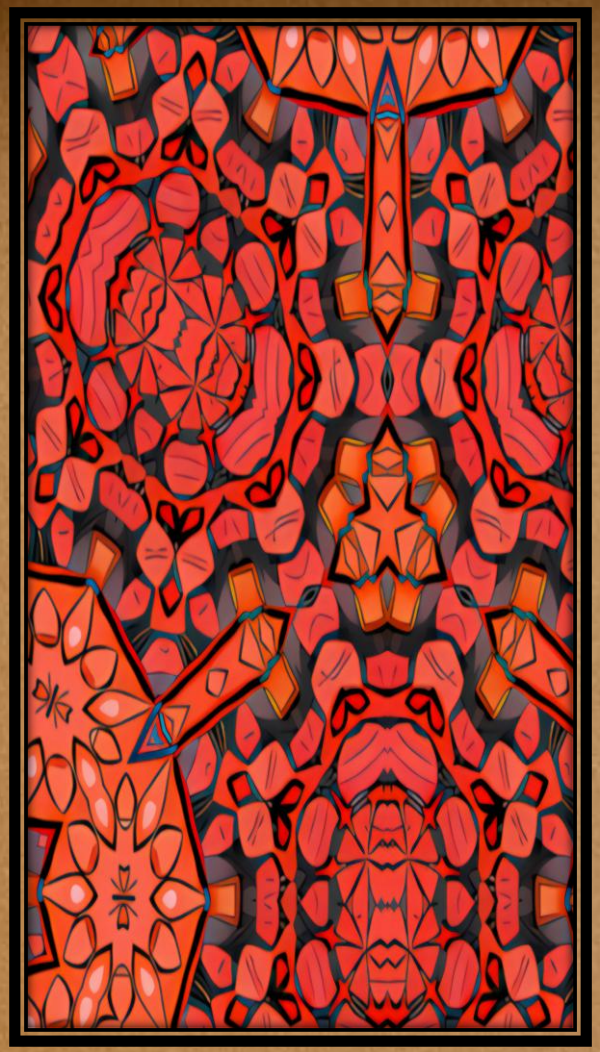


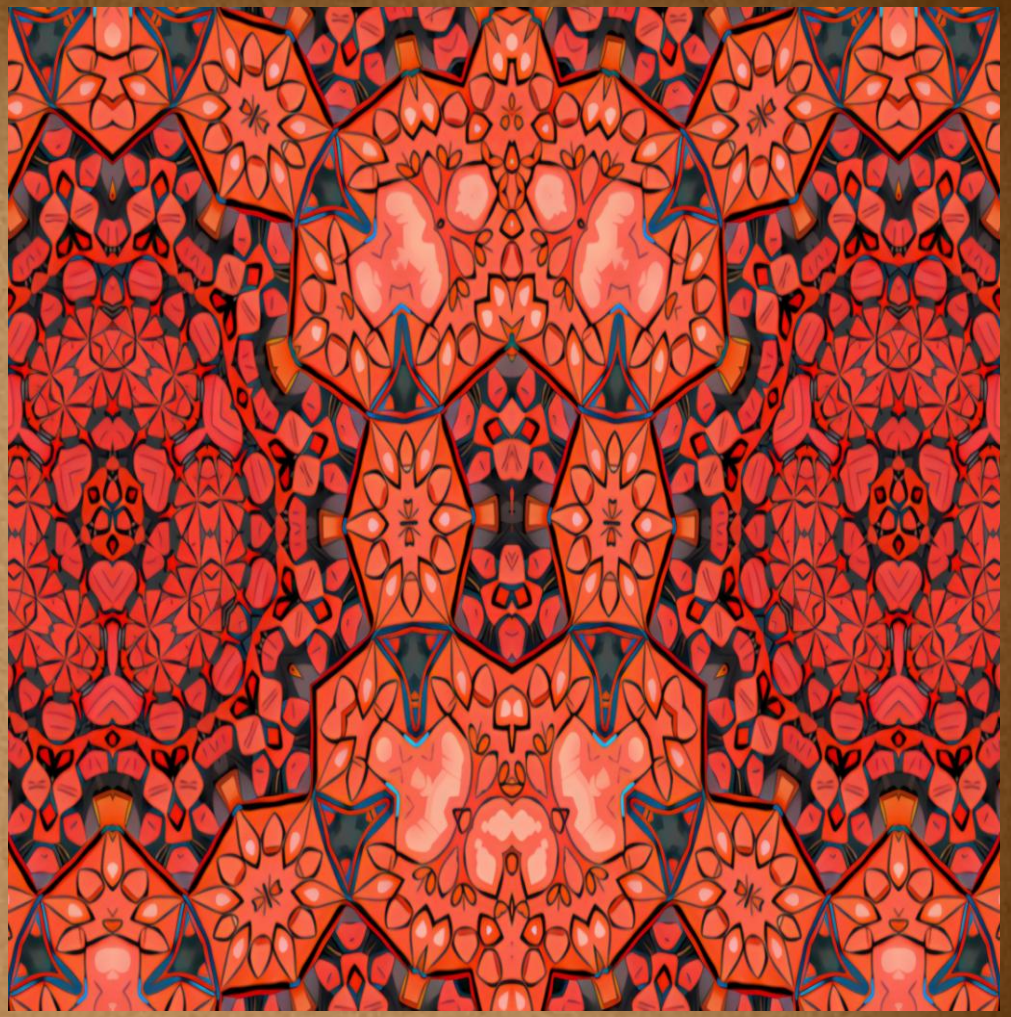


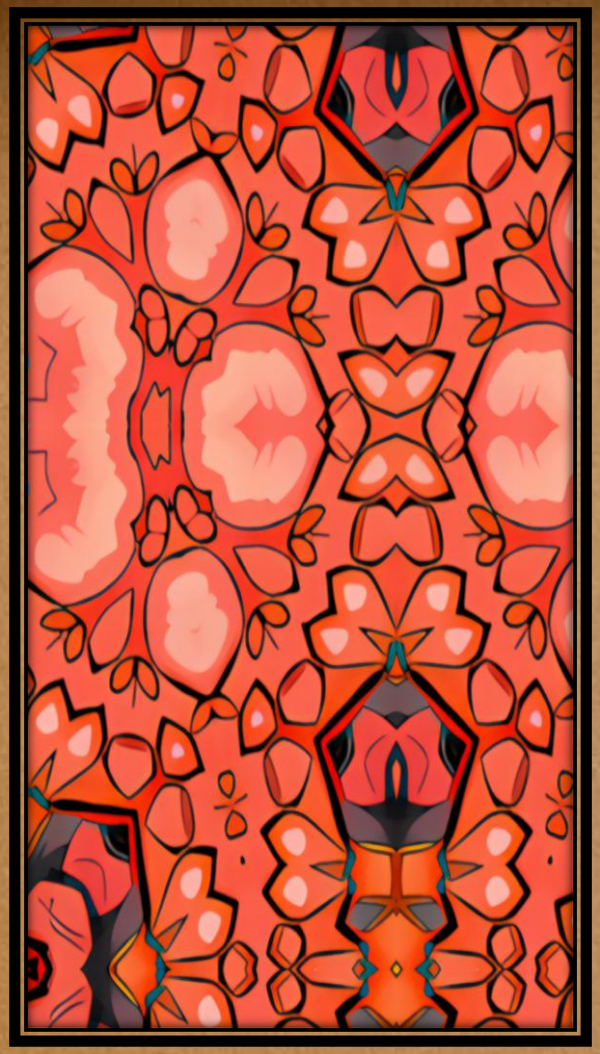


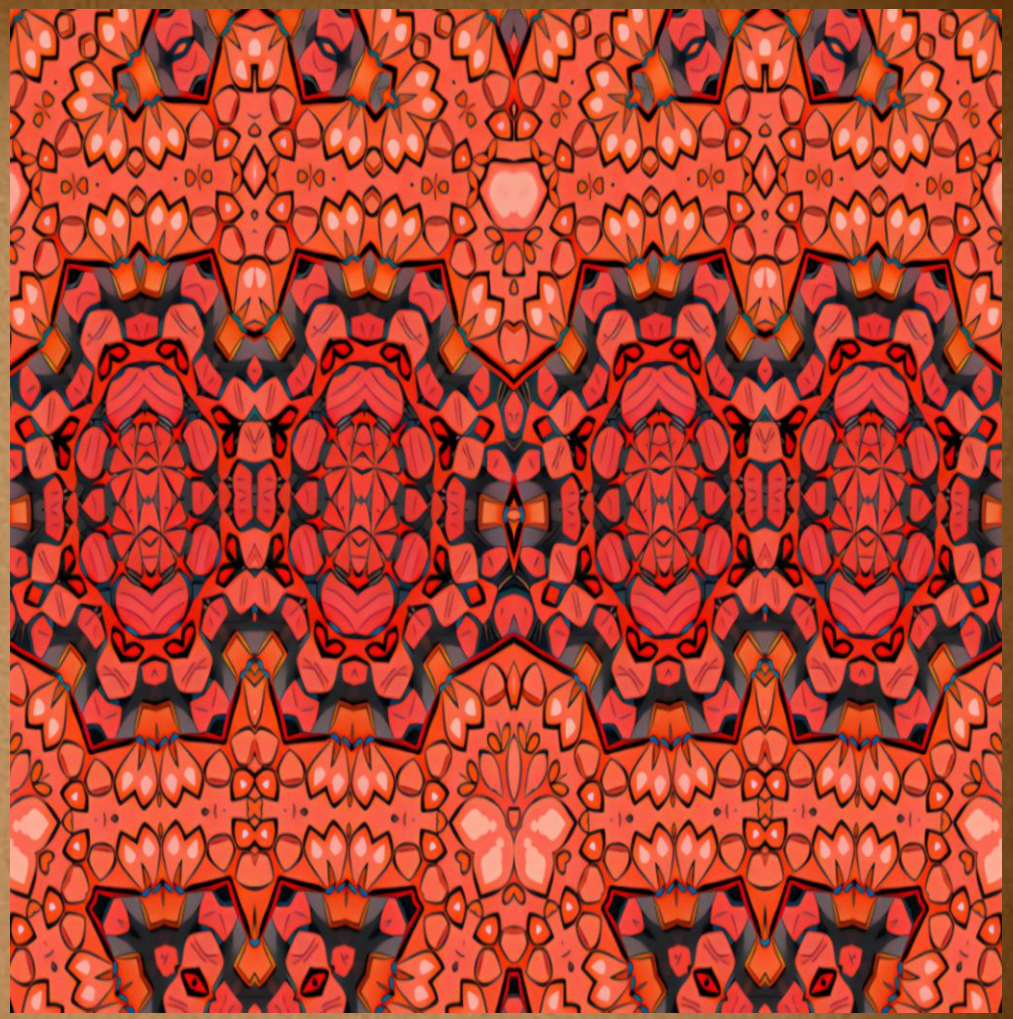


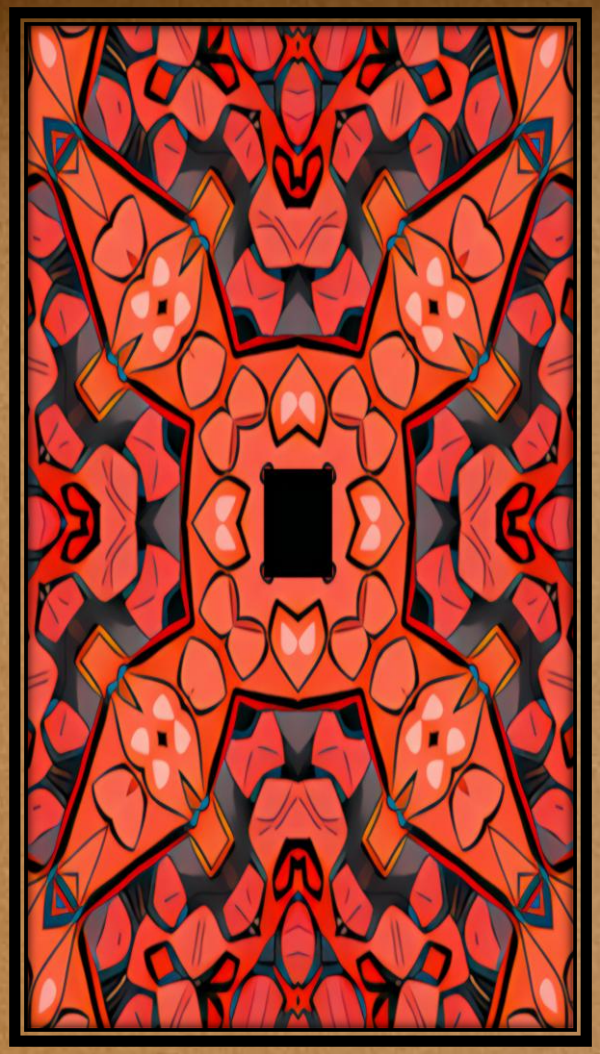


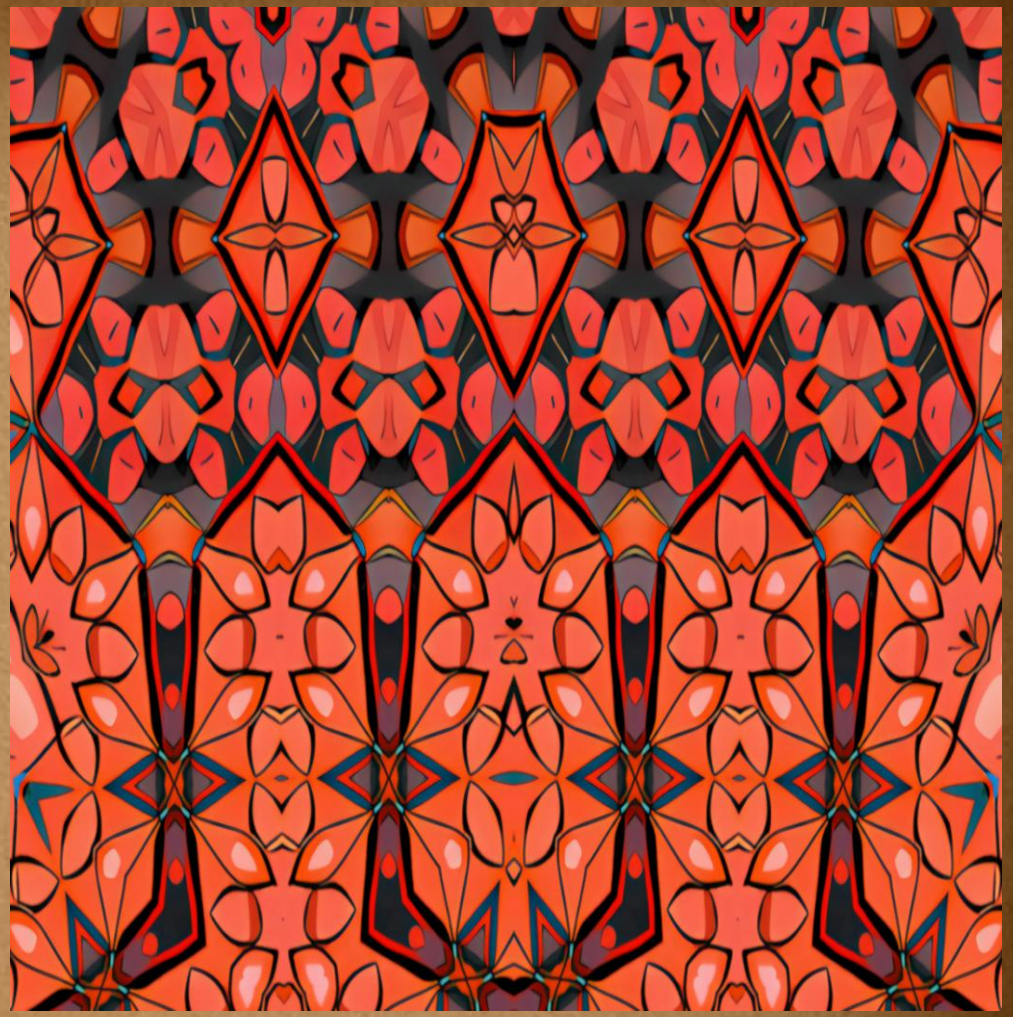


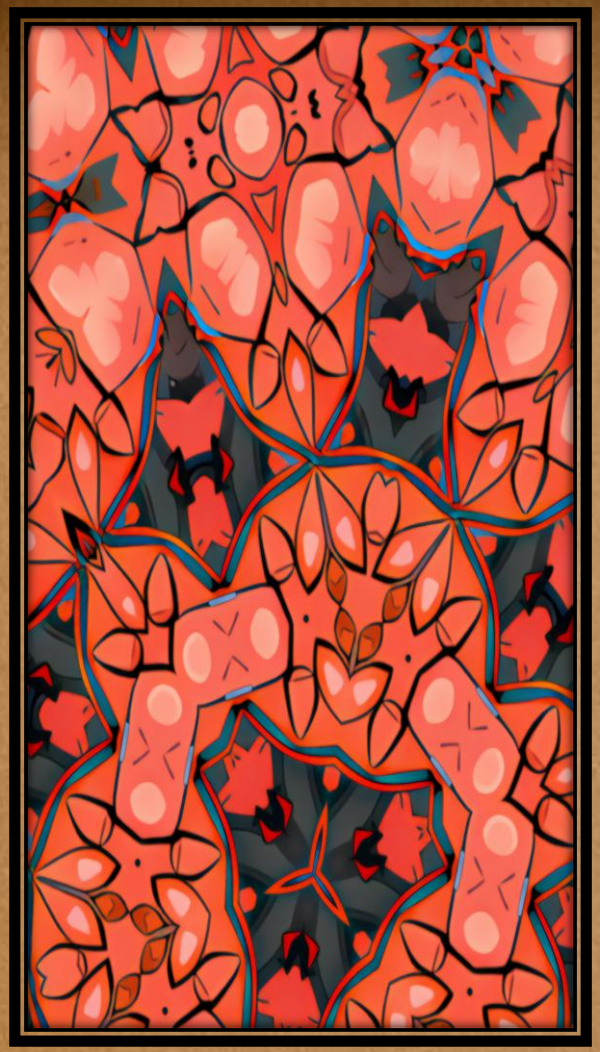


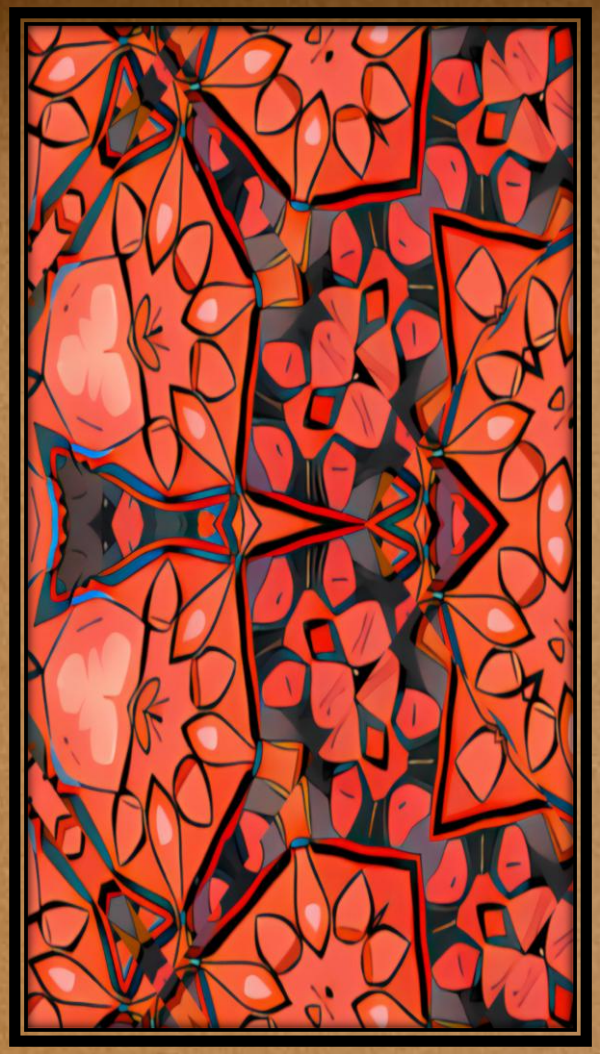


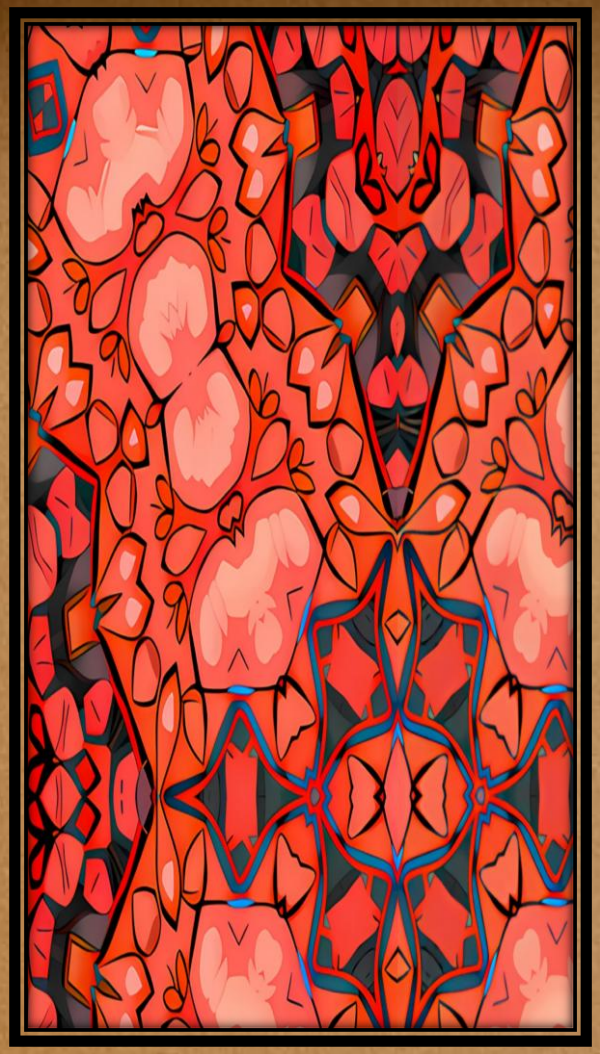


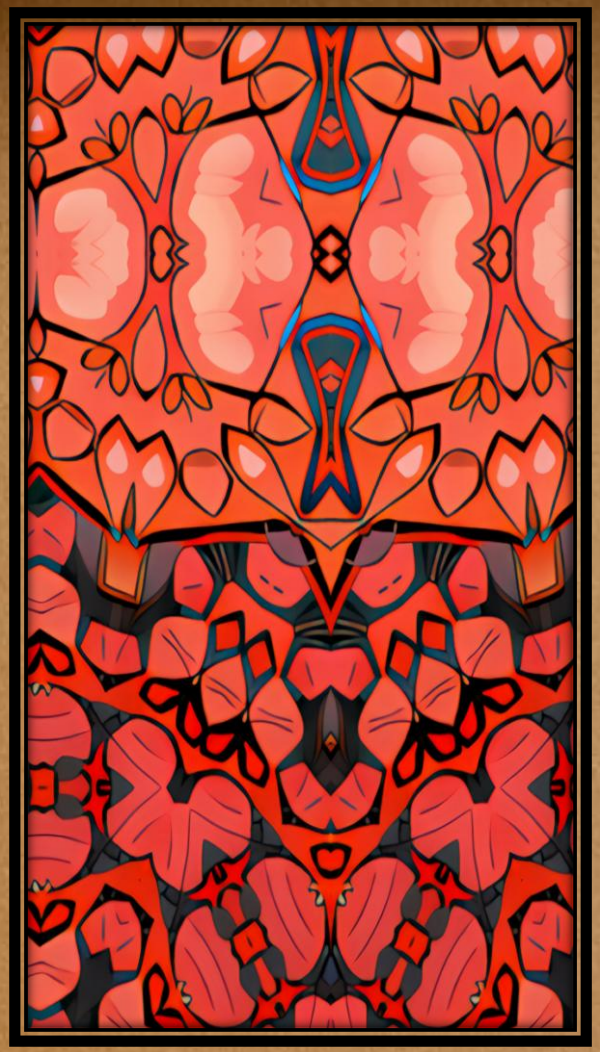


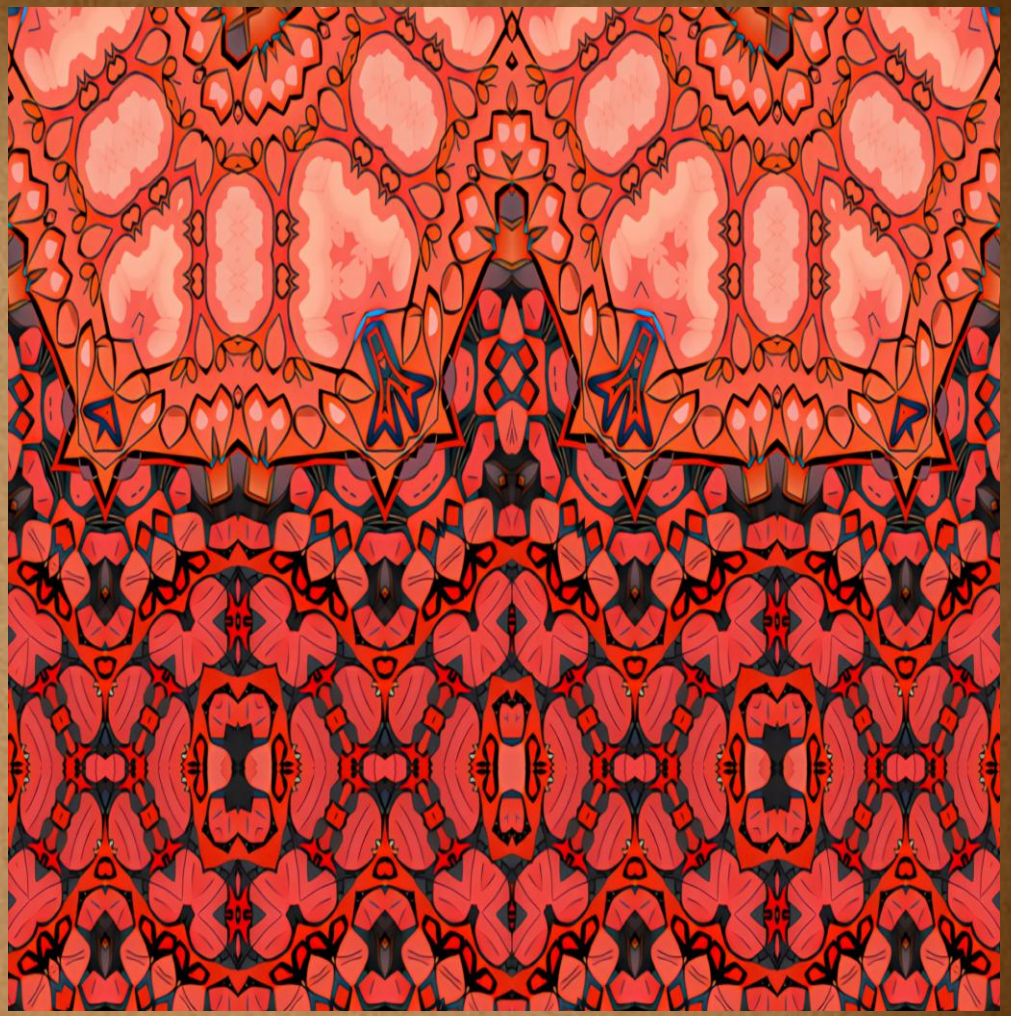


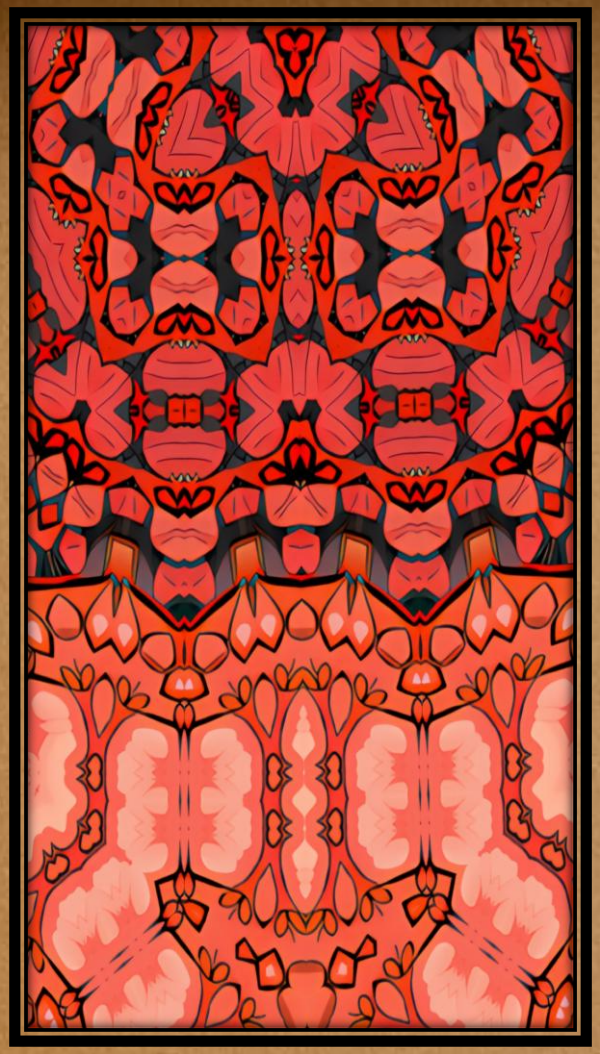


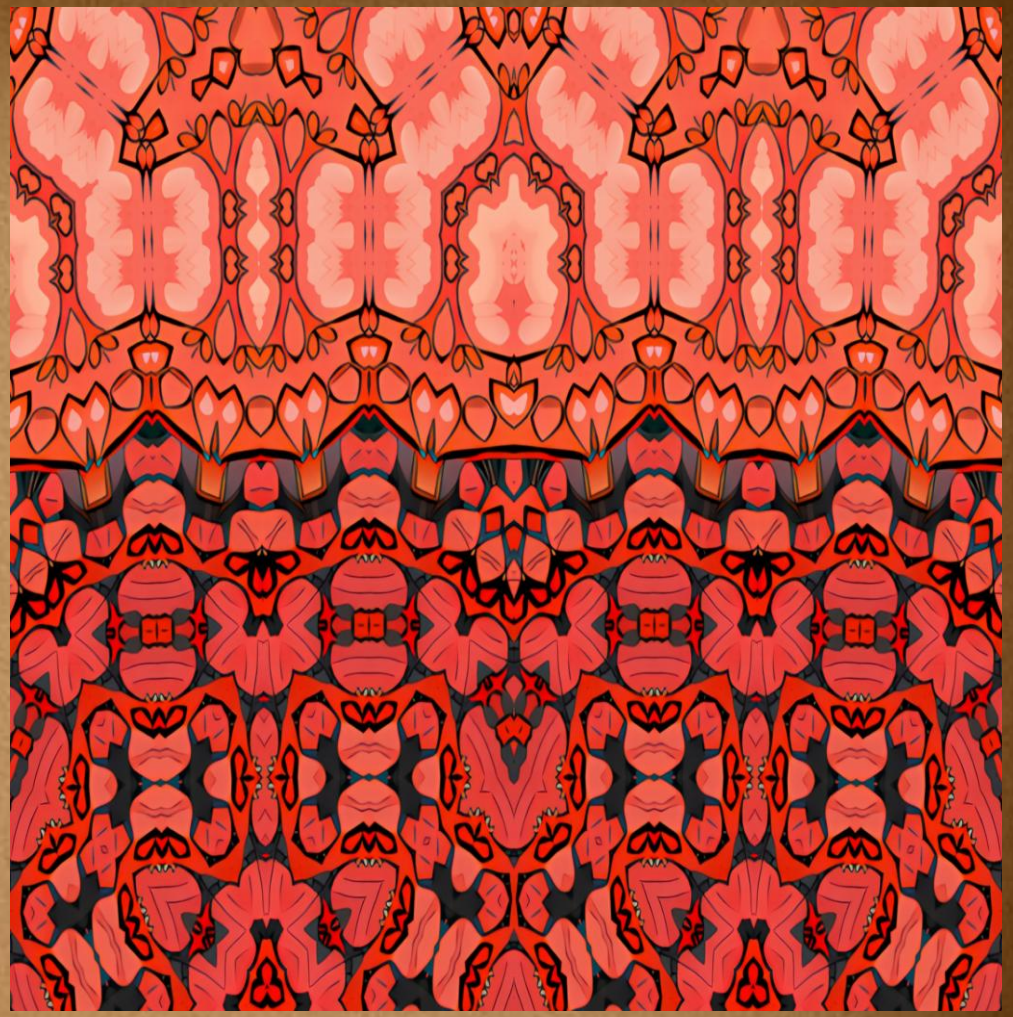


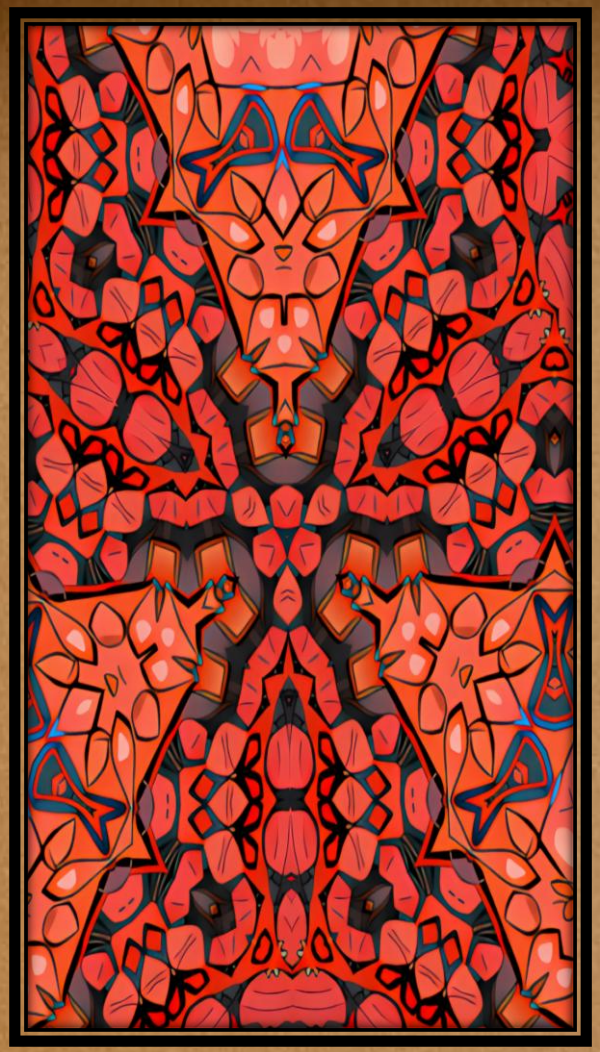


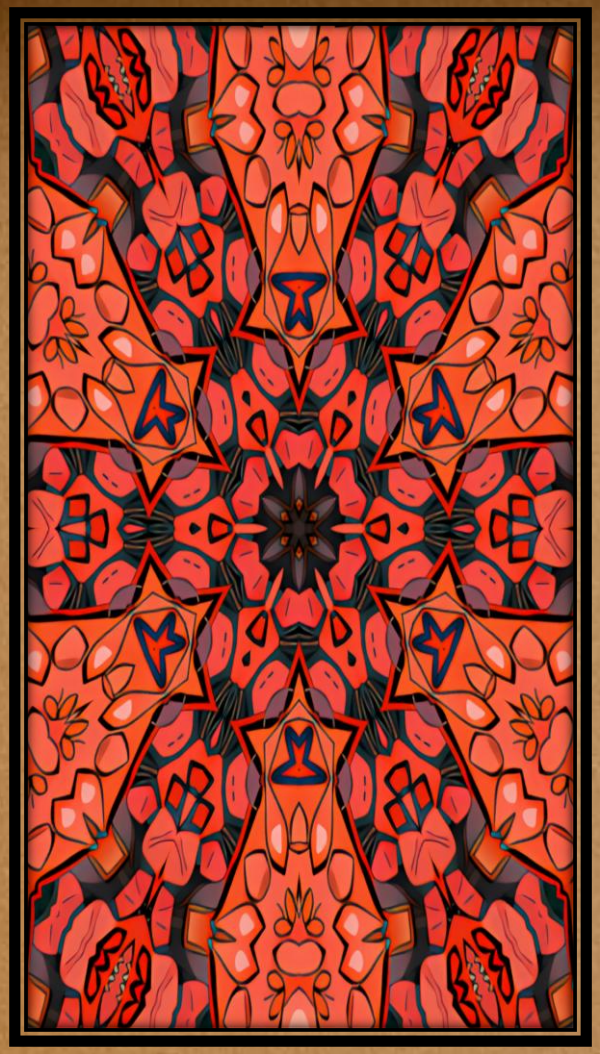


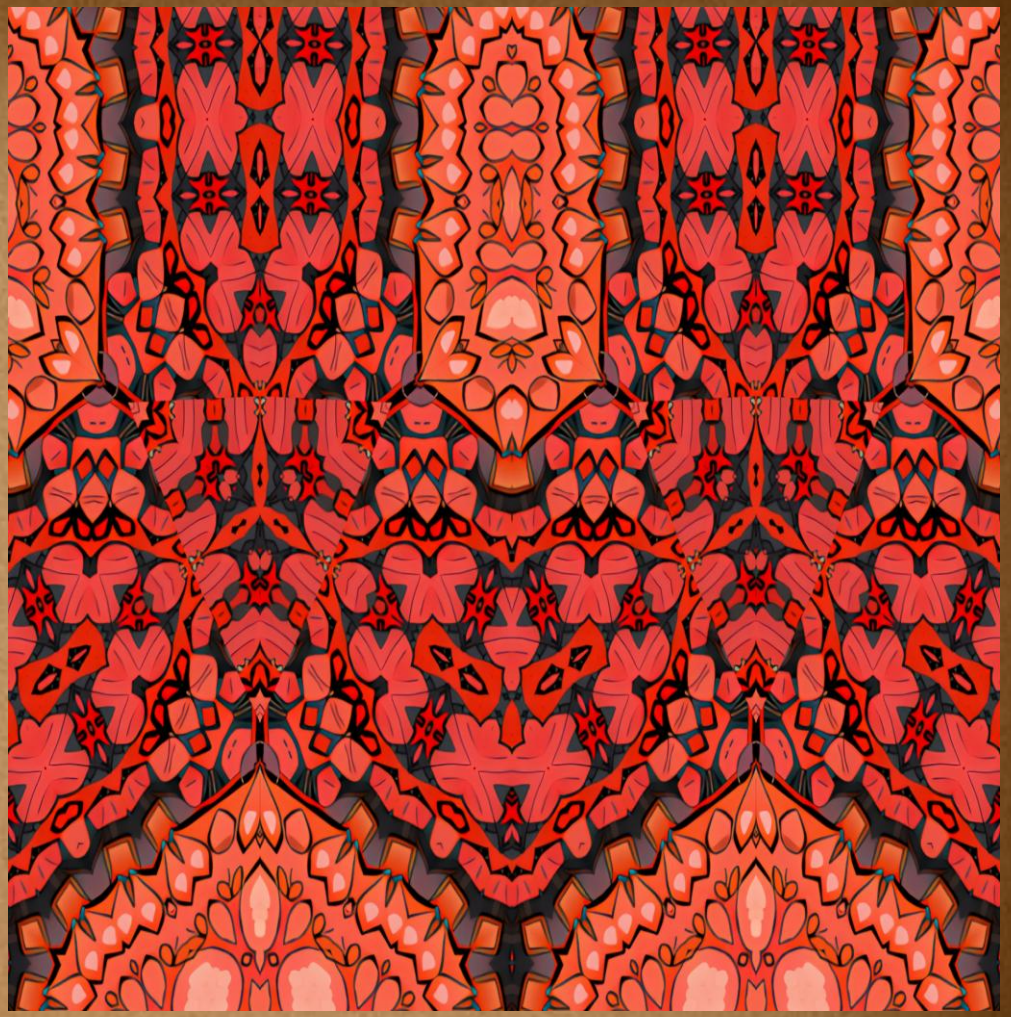


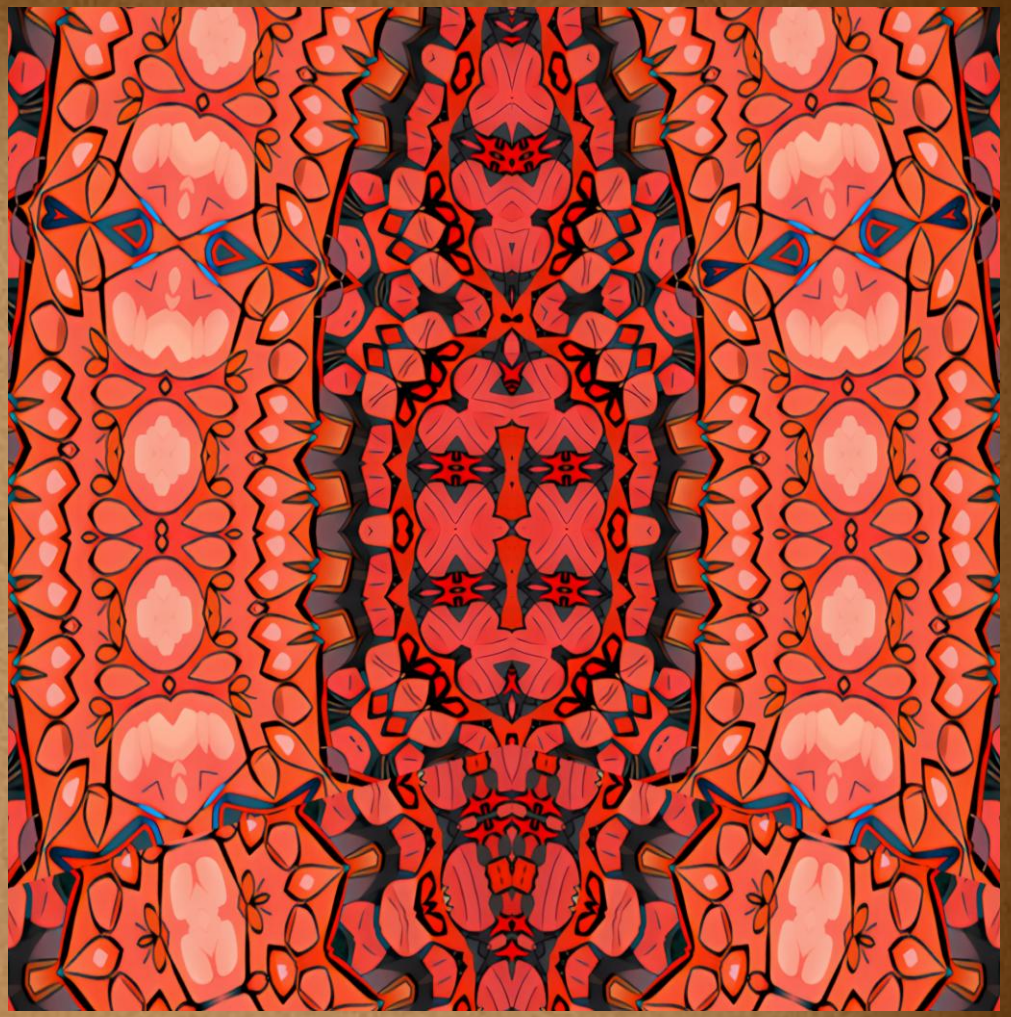


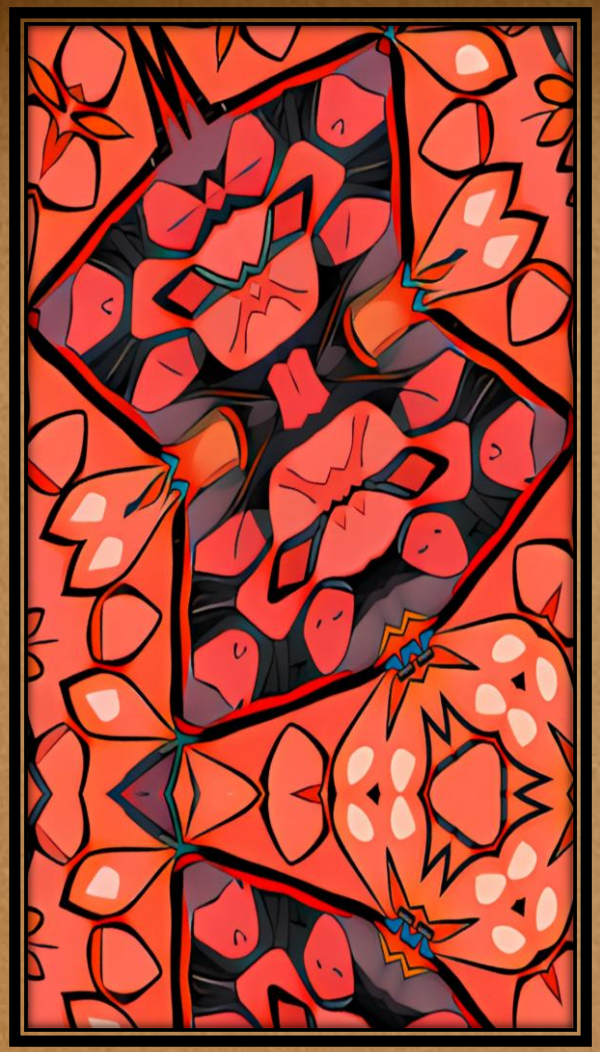


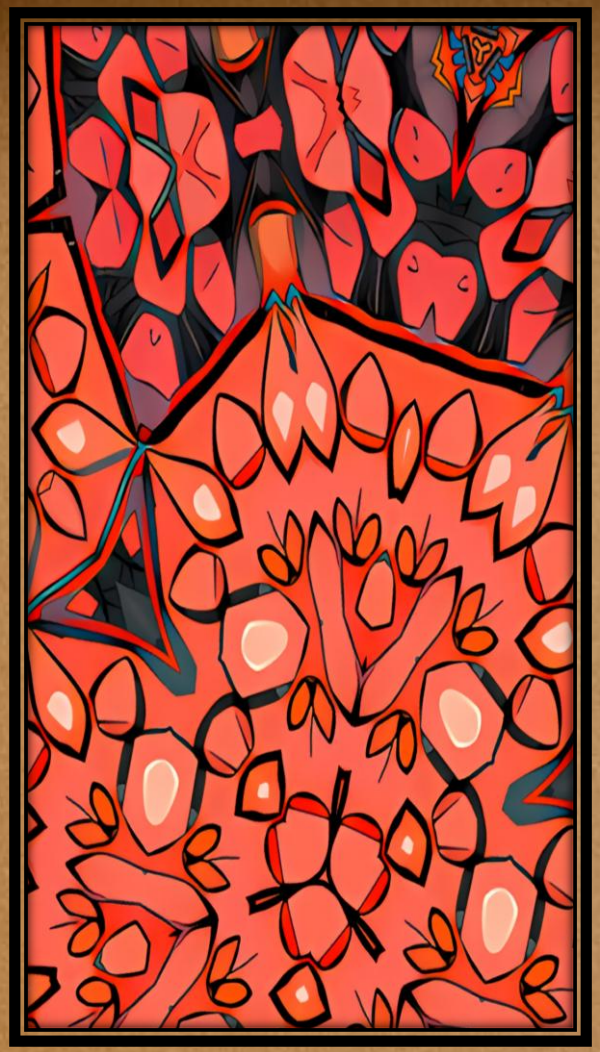


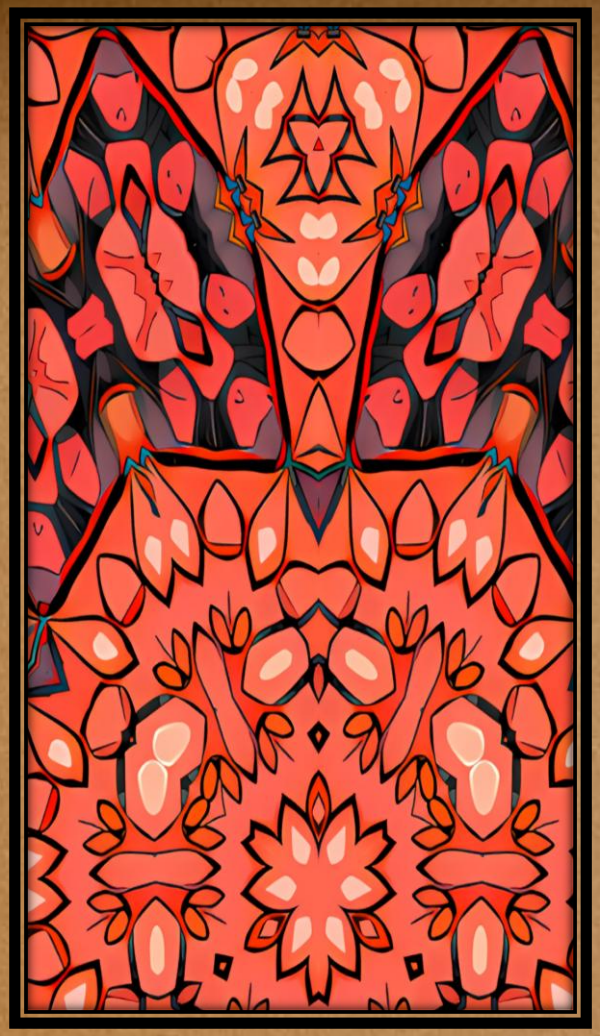


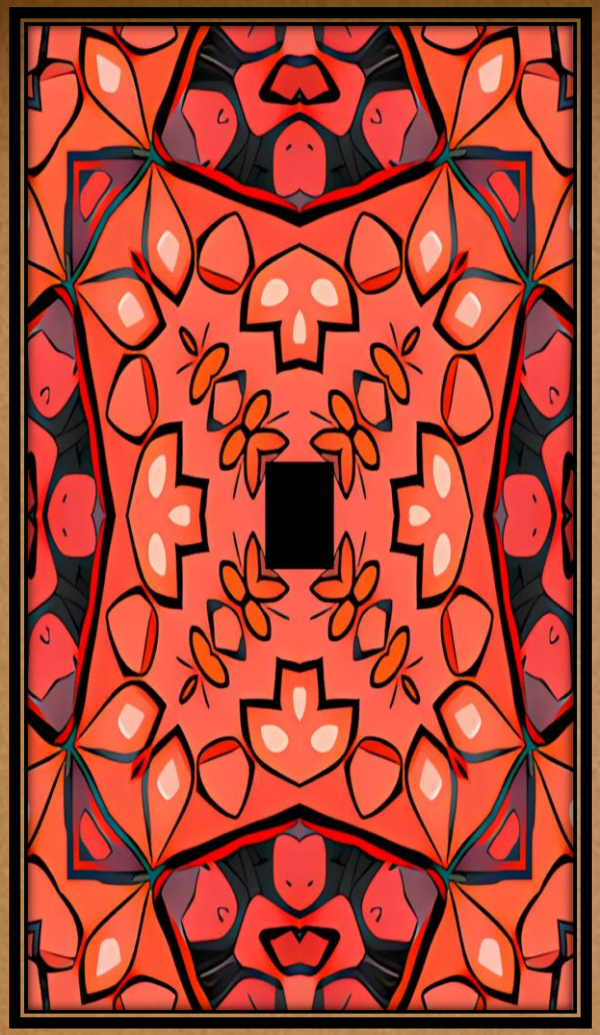


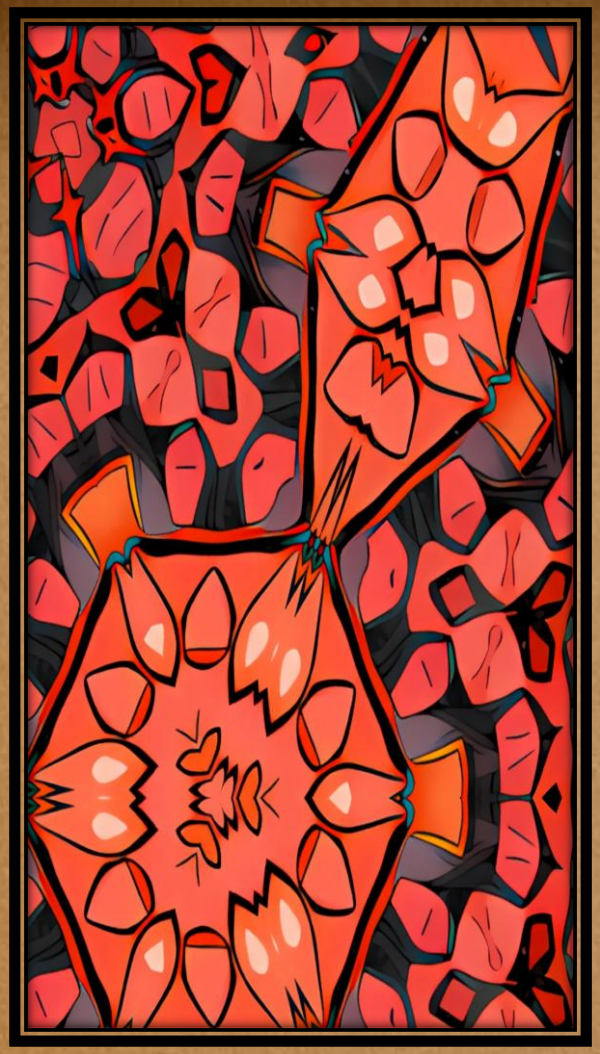


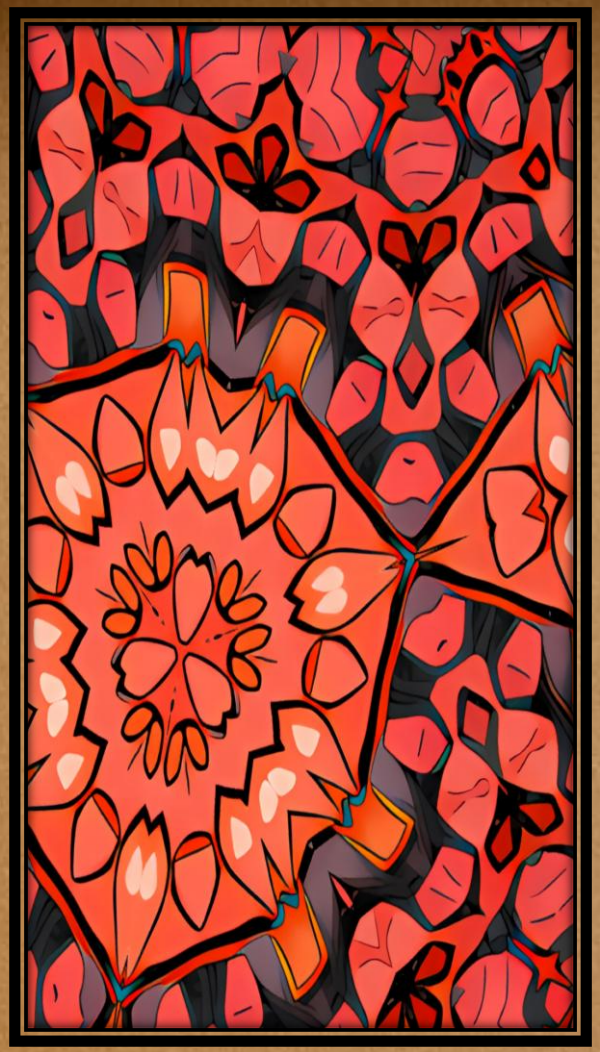


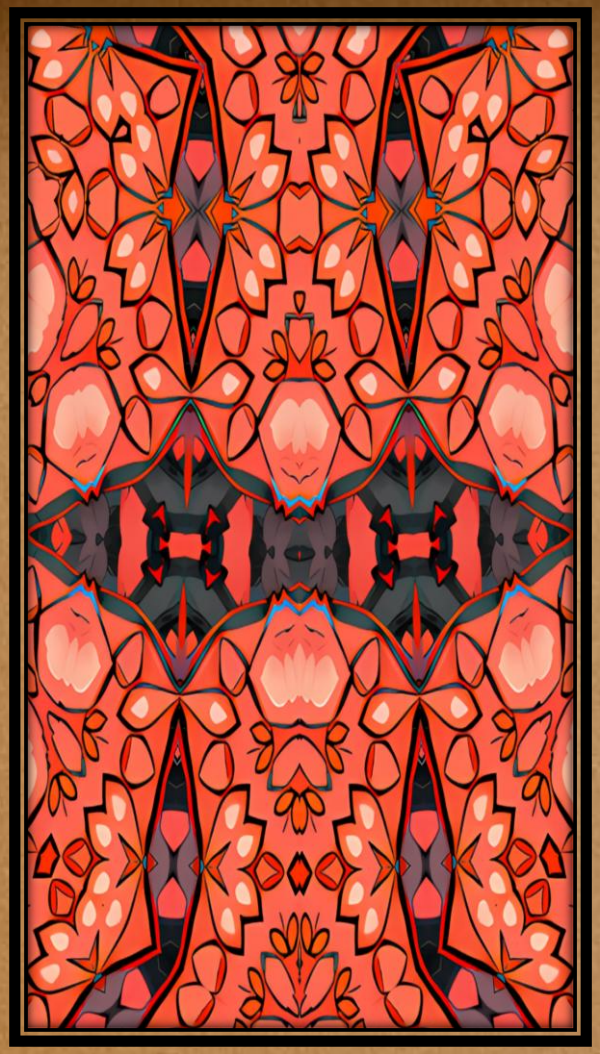


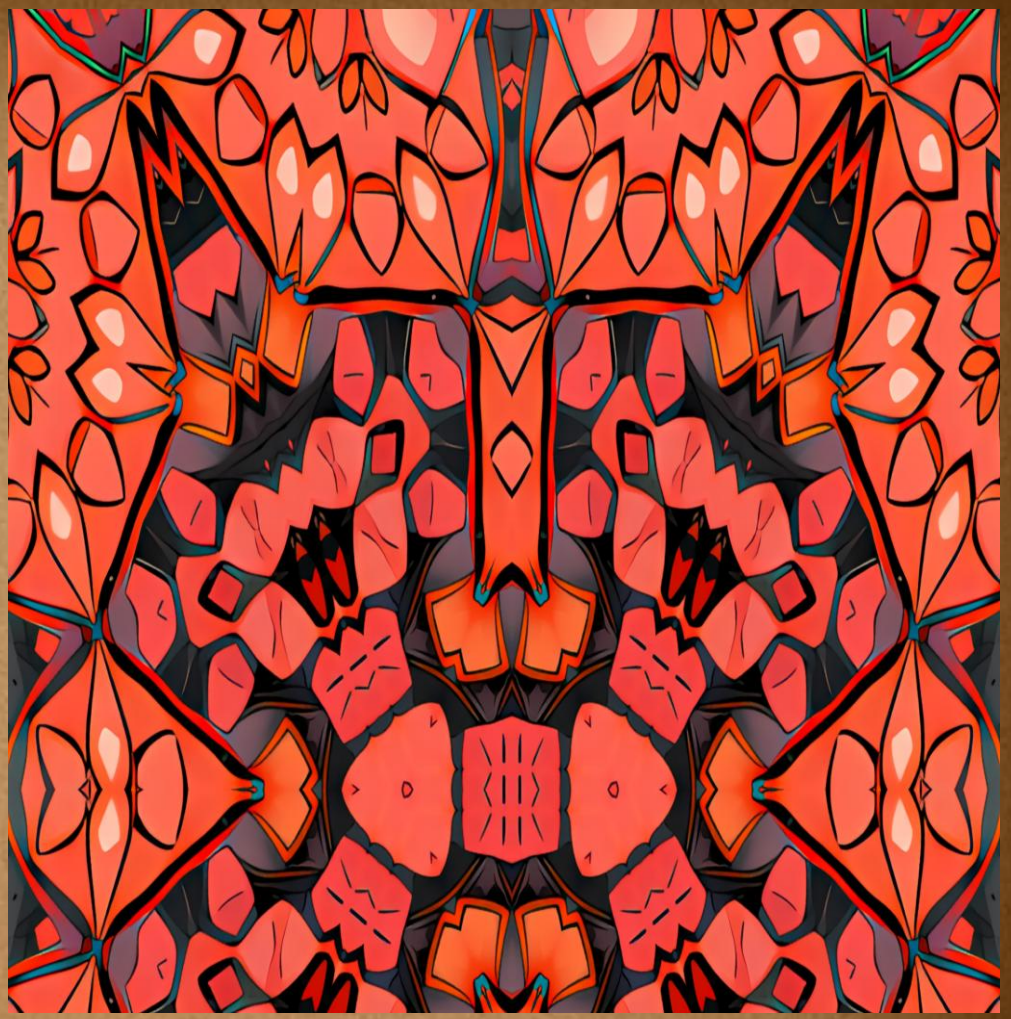


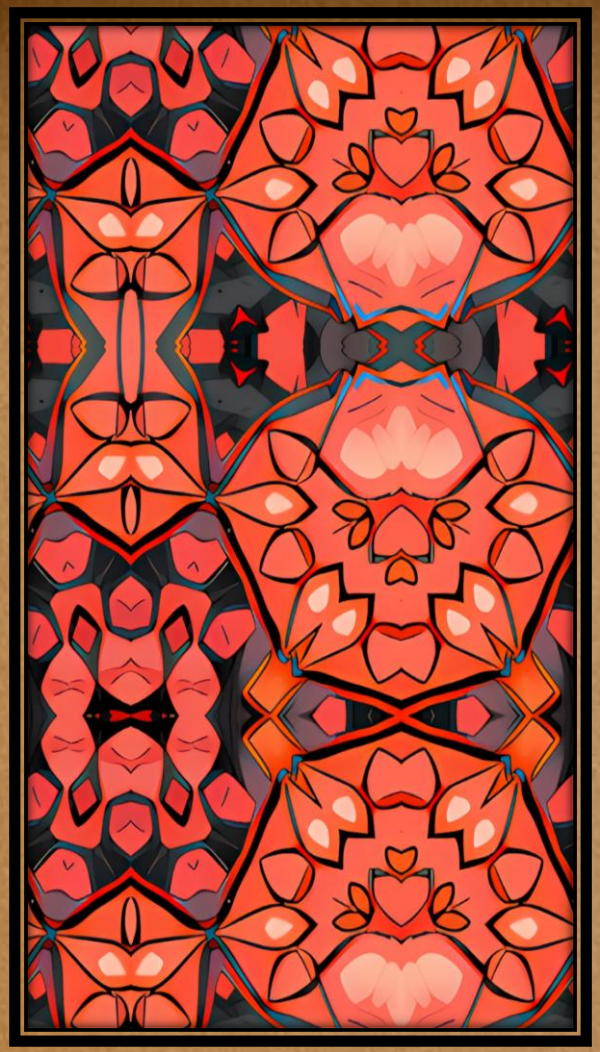


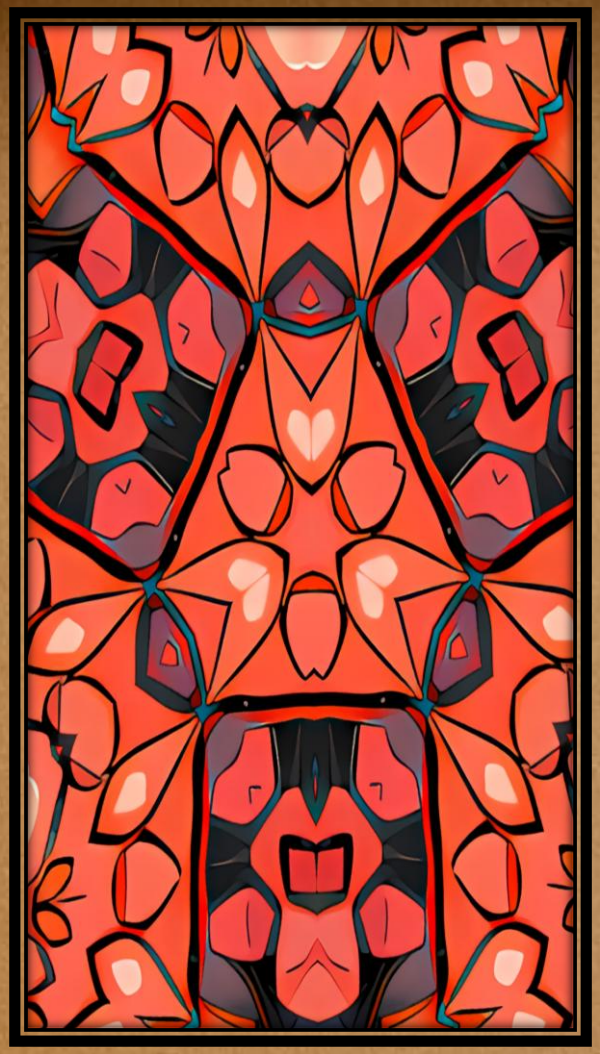


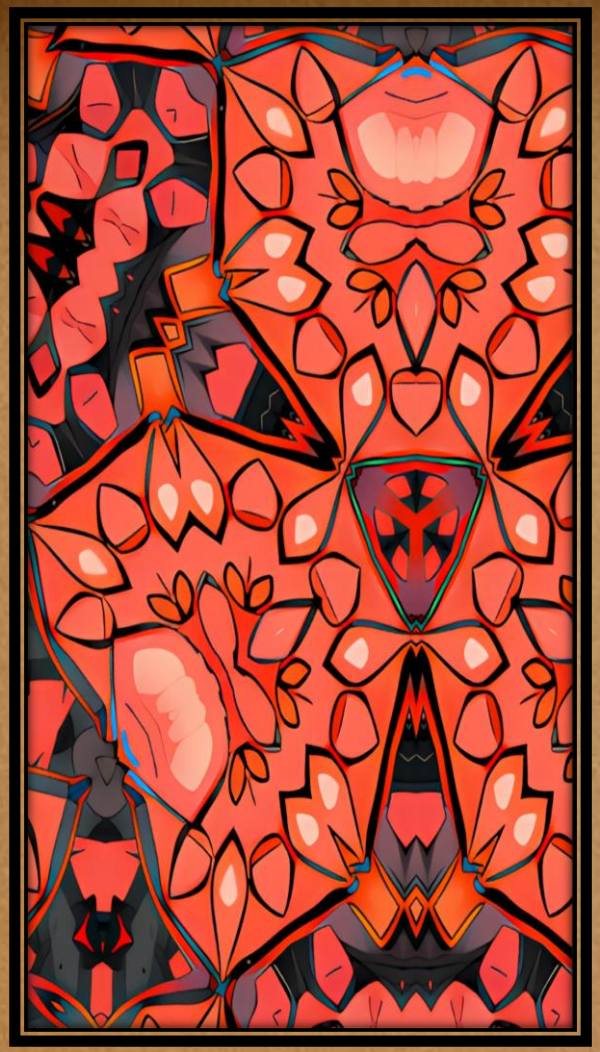


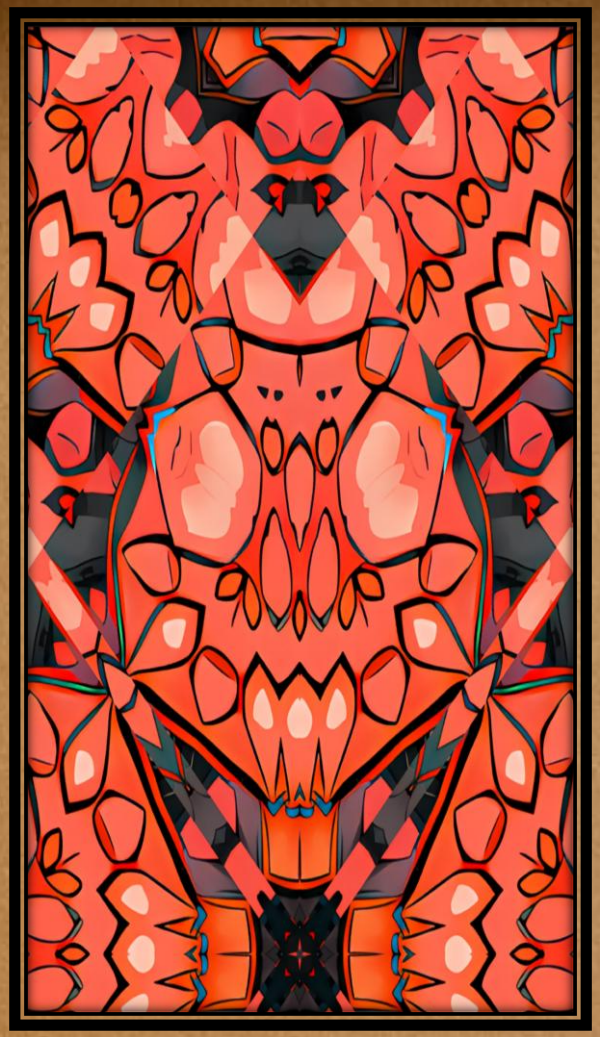


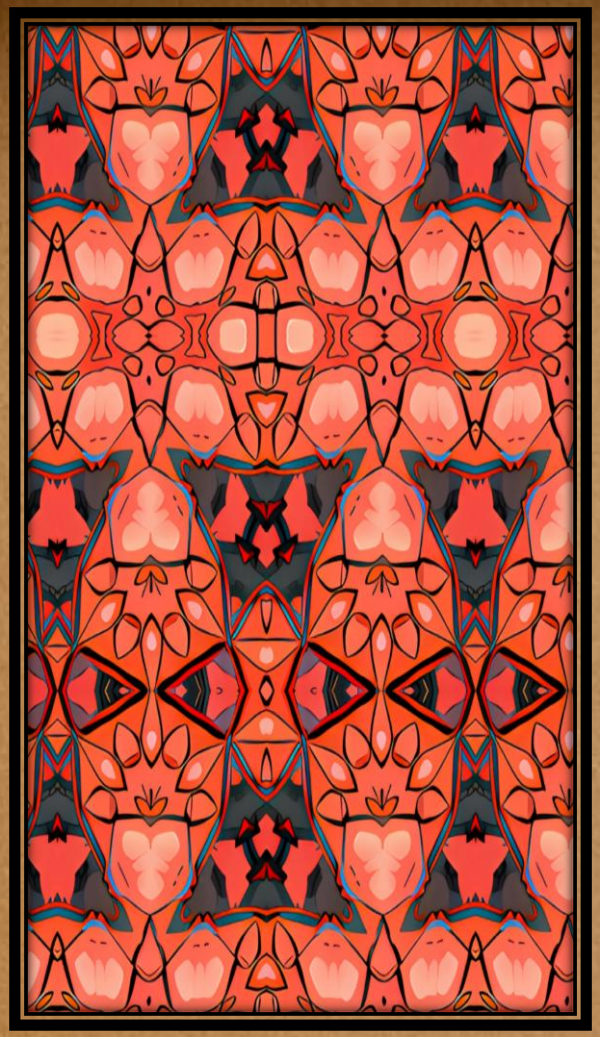


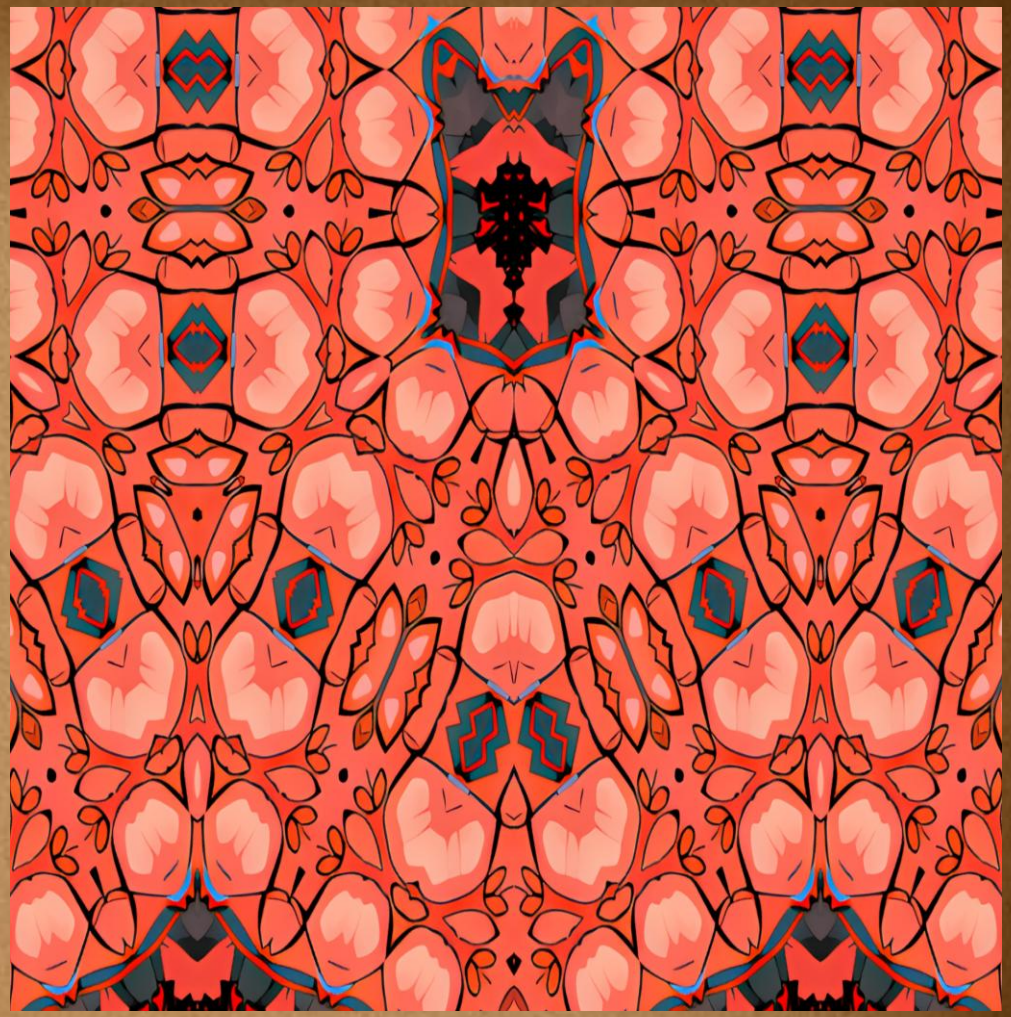


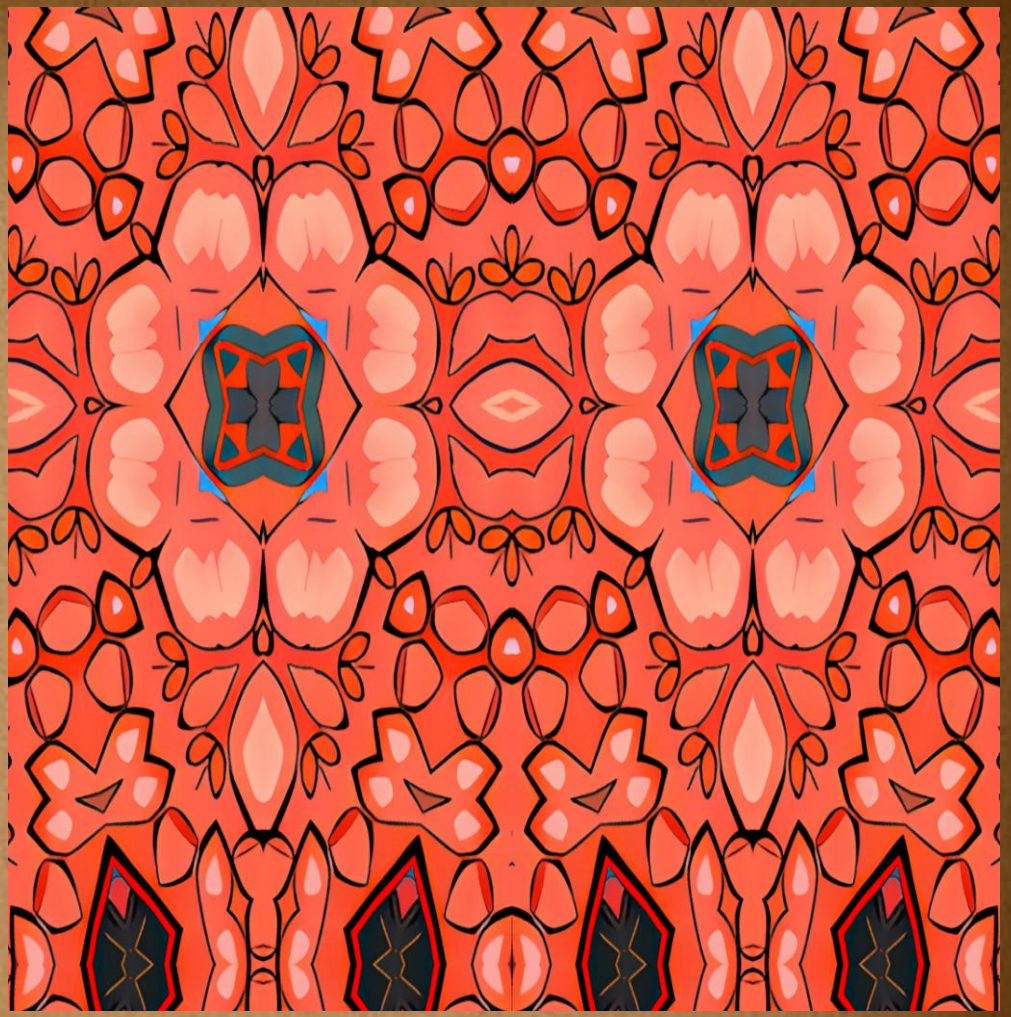


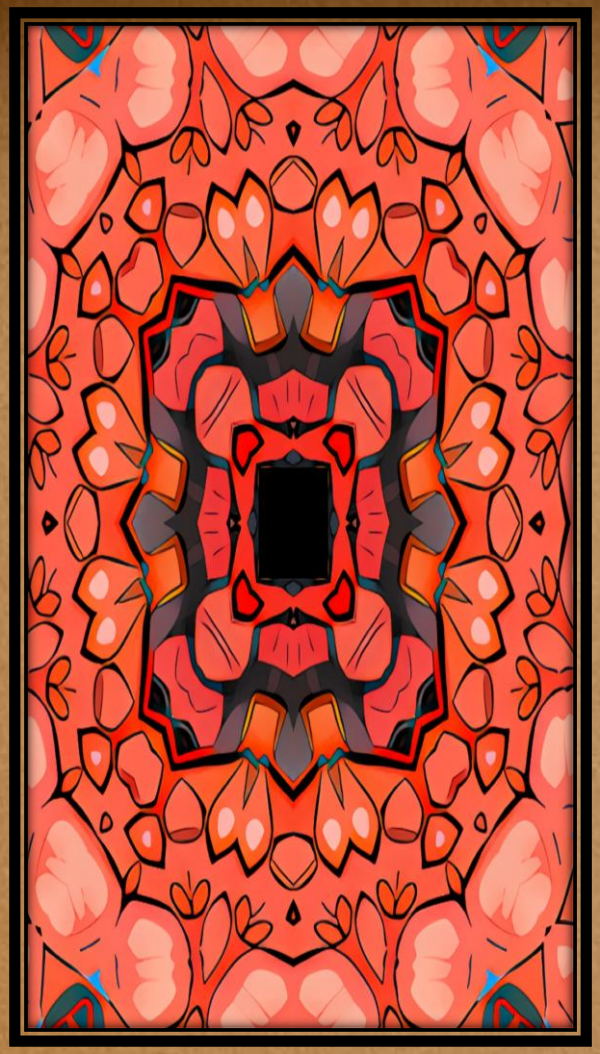












DAMN!!! Foiled AGAIN by those GOF Zombie Samples from that clown Emil!
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AUTUMN CATALOG
2047

Emil
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WAS IT INSPIRATION OR LAST NIGHT'S STALE PIZZA?
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YOUR THOUGHTS, IF MISUSED, CAN BE FAR MORE DAMAGING THAN THE ACTIONS THEMSELVES
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JUST ONE OF NUMEROUS HIDDEN GATEWAYS TO

SHAMBHALA AND AGARTHA

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TRIESTE

OUT ON YET ANOTHER HOBO TOUR

1931

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GLARING OFF INTO THE HAZE OF

THE RED SUN OF THE WASTELANDS

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It was kind of a bitchy, Valley Girl thing for these aliens to do
Emil
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